

COMMENT OF THE DAY

The Canal Zone

It is a long time since a British Government found itself in such a strange position in the House of Commons as that on Thursday night. On the one hand it was assailed by Opposition left-wingers for not immediately withdrawing all troops from the Suez Canal Zone; on the other it received equally vehement criticism from Conservative back-benchers because it was not prepared to allow British forces to "stay put" indefinitely in the disputed area. The obvious weakness about both arguments was that each was presented as the easiest solution to the Anglo-Egyptian problem. Both, in fact, are too easy. They ignore, or brush aside, a combination of complex factors. The Tory critics of Government policy were correct in claiming that British troops were no longer being kept in the Canal Zone "in the old imperialistic sense," but at the same time they left out of their considerations what have long been accepted as legitimate Egyptian national aspirations. By the same token the left-wing Socialists argued that everything else should be thrown to the winds for the sake of Egyptian aspirations—reasonable or otherwise.

ONE of the dominant factors in the Canal Zone issue has been, and remains, the security of the area. Its strategic importance to the free world must not be forgotten, much less ignored. For Britain precipitately to abandon the safeguarding of the Zone, as the Socialist extremists would have the government do, would be nothing less than an act of bad faith to the Western world. Moreover Egyptian internal security has yet to be established in consequence of the political upheavals of the last fortnight, and this is certainly not the moment to talk about abandoning negotiations. The British Government must insist on a negotiated compromise. Its terms are fair and practicable. While most of the original treaty rights have been conceded, others must remain operative for the time being. This is not asking too much of Egypt, whose sovereignty is already fully established. But it is a country which needs friends badly and her best ones are Britain and the rest of the free world.

Coolie Falls Into Ship's Hold

A Chinese coolie was badly injured on board the *Glenford* last night when a hatch plank swinging at the end of a derrick knocked him over the edge of the hatch into the No. 1 hold.

He fell about twenty feet and then struck a pile of wooden planks at a lower level in the hold which fell on top of him.

The *Glenford*, which is moored to A-5 buoy in midstream, sounded four blasts on the ship's horn and put up distress flags.

Other coolies on board the ship worked feverishly to lift the fallen planks from the man.

The coolie was rushed to Kowloon hospital. It is understood his condition last night was serious. Police will not release his name and address until the next-of-kin have been informed of the accident.

Secret Atom Papers Missing

Washington, Mar. 12. A Congressman said today that "high secret" papers were missing from the Hanford, Washington, atomic plant and the Congressional Atomic Committee said it had assigned an investigator to check the situation.

The Committee chairman, W. Sterling Cole, also said his group had been checking all atomic installations for missing documents as a "routine" matter. He said with some 50 to 80 million secret documents, "it is understandable that inevitably there could be some that cannot readily be accounted for."

Representative Thomas Pollock (Republican, Washington) said the Atomic Energy Commission had confirmed the loss of "substantial quantities" of secret papers from Hanford. He said the volume of missing papers was "rather extensive." He added that he did not know whether it was due to espionage or "poor housekeeping."

Representative Cole, a New York Republican, said he had no further information on the Hanford matter. He said he did not know whether the papers involved were "secret or top-secret."

He said the Committee had raised the Hanford matter with the AEC and would "take steps to ascertain the basis for Mr. Pollock's inquiry." The AEC had no immediate comment.—United Press.

Casablanca, Mar. 12. Abdal Aziz Zouag, a Moroccan lawyer, was shot dead by a terrorist in the old Arab quarter of Casablanca today.

The assassin got away and police could find no witnesses to the daylight killing.—Reuter.

Indo-China The Big Problem

At Geneva MANY INHERENT DANGERS

London Observers Assess Situation

London, Mar. 12. Indications mounted today that Indo-China, not Korea, will prove to be the prickliest problem at the Geneva conference.

Authoritative observers cautioned that combined Russian and Chinese tactics at the April meeting may put Western unity to a severe test on the Indo-China issue.

Moscow and Peking are expected to bid for a cease-fire.

Western policy advisers are warning that arrangements for a political settlement in Indo-China must precede a cease-fire.

If a Korea-type cease-fire comes before a political settlement, they say, Indo-China may fall under total Red domination.

The reason is that the type of firm battlefield that separated Communist Koreans from non-Communist Koreans during the cease-fire in Korea is absent from Indo-China. There is no front in Indo-China.

Therefore, the Communists, during a cease-fire, could mingle freely among non-Communist peoples and infiltrate the country quietly but militantly to the point of domination.

Should the Communists at the Far East conference in Geneva propose the cease-fire, as expected, what will France's position be? The French are weary of the war and want the shooting stopped, although on honourable terms.

The United States, Britain and France are discussing these problems currently in the Western capitals to work out a joint policy for the tricky Geneva talks with the Soviet Foreign Minister, Mr. V. M. Molotov and Red China's Premier, Chou En-lai.

This is how authoritative observers assess at present the problems of the Geneva parity scheduled to open on April 28.

THE first issue to be considered is the Korean settlement. There is no prospect for agreement on unifying the country along lines proposed by the West—namely through free election of a central Korean government plus gradual withdrawal of non-Korean armed forces and a guarantee by the big Powers against further aggression.

The alternative is acceptance of the status quo. This would leave the country divided indefinitely, but aim to tighten economic co-operation between North and South Korea, neutralise the two parts of the country and guarantee them against aggression while allowing gradual withdrawal of the non-Korean armies.

A solution even on the latter basis is considered very difficult because of American reluctance to accept the status quo and South Korea's many objections.

MIG Shoots Up US Planes

ONE REPORTED BADLY DAMAGED

Frankfurt, Mar. 12. Two United States Navy planes, lost on a flight to Austria, were attacked by a Soviet-built MIG on the German-Czech frontier today and one was "badly shot up," an American military source said.

The spokesman said the propeller-driven Navy planes managed to escape and landed at Munich.

The planes were believed to be from the U.S. Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean and were scheduled to carry out manoeuvres over Austria.

The military source said it appeared the planes became confused and flew along the Czech-German frontier.

The attacking plane, apparently a Czech Air Force MIG-15, came from Czechoslovakia and fired several bursts of machine-gun fire before swerving back eastward, the Army said.

It was not immediately known if any of the Navy fliers were wounded.

A spokesman for the Bavarian State border police in Munich said several eyewitnesses had reported that one of the US planes "returned the fire with several bursts."

The reports received by German police said several empty cartridge shells had been found after the attack but their origin could not be identified immediately.—United Press.

Murder Charge Dismissed

London, Mar. 12. A court here today dismissed a charge of murder against an 18-year-old wife of a British soldier alleged to have murdered her baby son at Lueneburg, West Germany.

The magistrate said the evidence indicated that the mother, Mrs. Yvonne Margaret Moore, had not poisoned her child with metal polish as had been alleged, but that the 21-month-old baby had picked up the tin and drunk some of the polish accidentally.

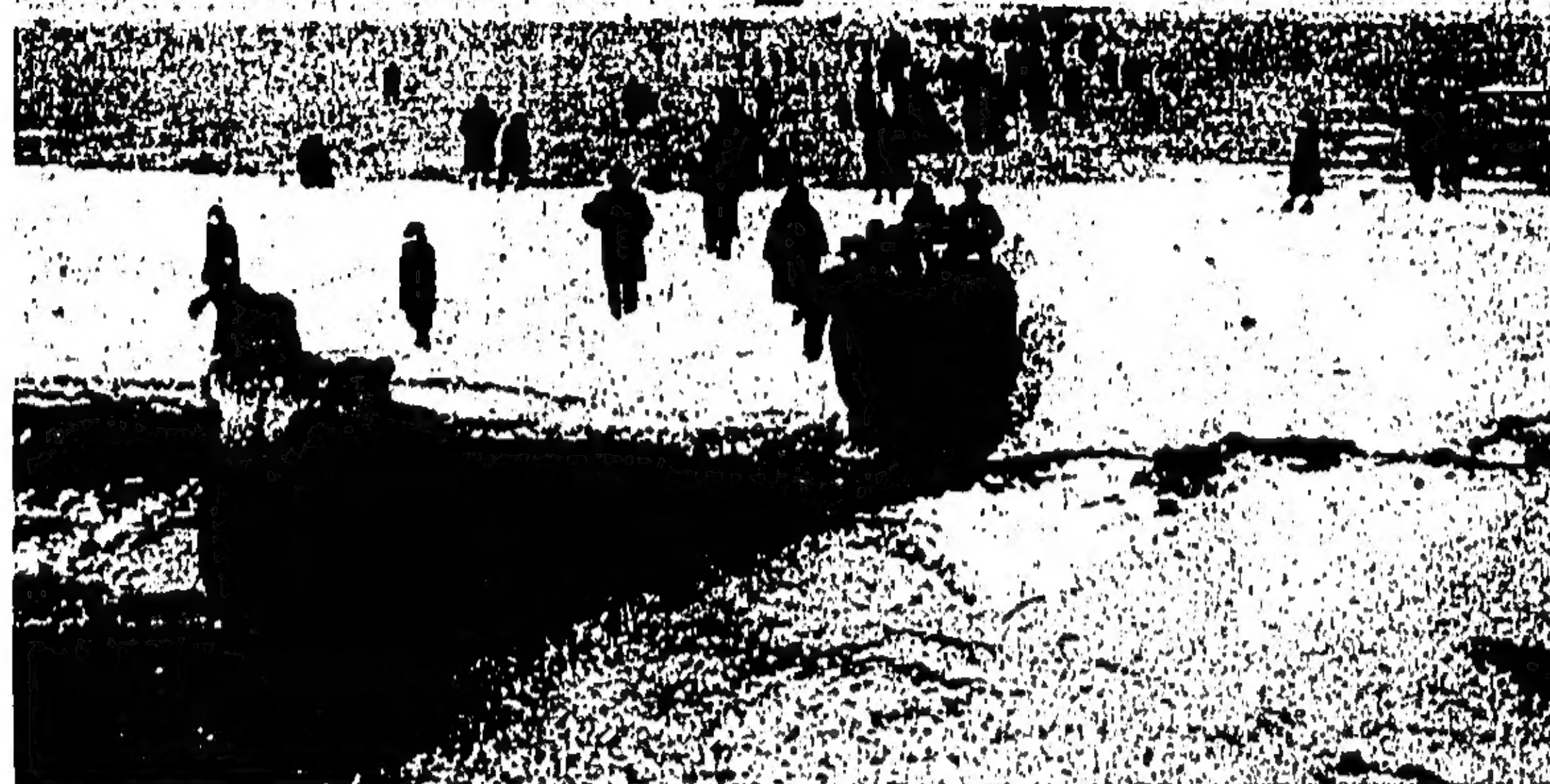
"I fail to see how any reasonable jury could convict this girl of murder," he added.

It was clear that she had been at loggerheads with her husband but that supplied no sort of reason for her wanting to get rid of her child.—China Mail Special.

Appointment

Washington, Mar. 12. The United States Defence Department today appointed Lieutenant General John O'Daniel, army commander in the Pacific, to head the United States Assistance Advisory Group in Indo-China.—Reuter.

Denmark In Icy Grip



"Drug Orgy" Scandal Repercussions

Rome, Mar. 12.

The Italian Cabinet will meet on Tuesday faced with a nation-wide clamour for a clean-out in high places after a series of sensational disclosures in the "drug orgy" trial, now going on before a Rome court.

The resignation last night of Italy's police chief, Dr. Tommaso Pavone, whose name was linked with the trial, was followed later by reports that the Foreign Minister, Dr. Attilio Piccioni, had also proposed to resign, but had been urged by his colleagues to stay at his post.

Before the court is a 24-year-old Neo-Fascist journalist, Silvano Muto, who wrote in his weekly newspaper that police had been induced to drop investigations into the death of a girl who, he claimed, had died after a drug orgy at the hunting reserve of the Marquis Ugo Montagna.

Muto is being prosecuted for sedition, because his charges were made against a section of the Interior Ministry known as the "Pubblica Sicurezza."

Witnesses at the biggest scandal trial in recent Italian history alleged that Dr. Pavone had helped to cover up the girl's death. They said that one of those present at the orgy was the Foreign Minister's son, Pietro Piccioni.

WITNESS VANISHES

Meanwhile, on the eve of the trial's resumption on Saturday, one of the star witnesses was reported to have vanished.

She is 23-year-old Adriana Biasella, cited by other witnesses as among girls present at the alleged orgies.

Friends with whom she had been staying said she telephoned last night to say she would not be returning. They said the telephone conversation was cut off before it was finished.

In the Italian Chamber of Deputies last Wednesday, the Prime Minister, Signor Mario Scelba, declared the Government would fight the "suspicions and shadows" emerging from the Muto trial. He said the trial was potentially capable of undermining public faith in democracy and promised severe Government measures.

Denmark is again in the icy grip and many islands are isolated—with hundreds of ships stuck fast in the ice. These Copenhageners were able to walk on the frozen Sound between Denmark and Sweden to and from some of the ice-bound ships.—London Express.

STOP PRESS

FIRE AT PEAK HOUSE

A fire, believed to have been caused by a short circuiting in the electrical wiring, broke out shortly before 9 o'clock this morning at 367, The Peak, the residence of Mr and Mrs Ralph N. Clough.

The flames damaged the roof at the rear end of the house, but were quickly subdued after three fire appliances had arrived. The rest of the house escaped damage and there were no casualties.

Heavy mist blanketed The Peak at the time, and the appliances had to make their way carefully to the scene of the fire.

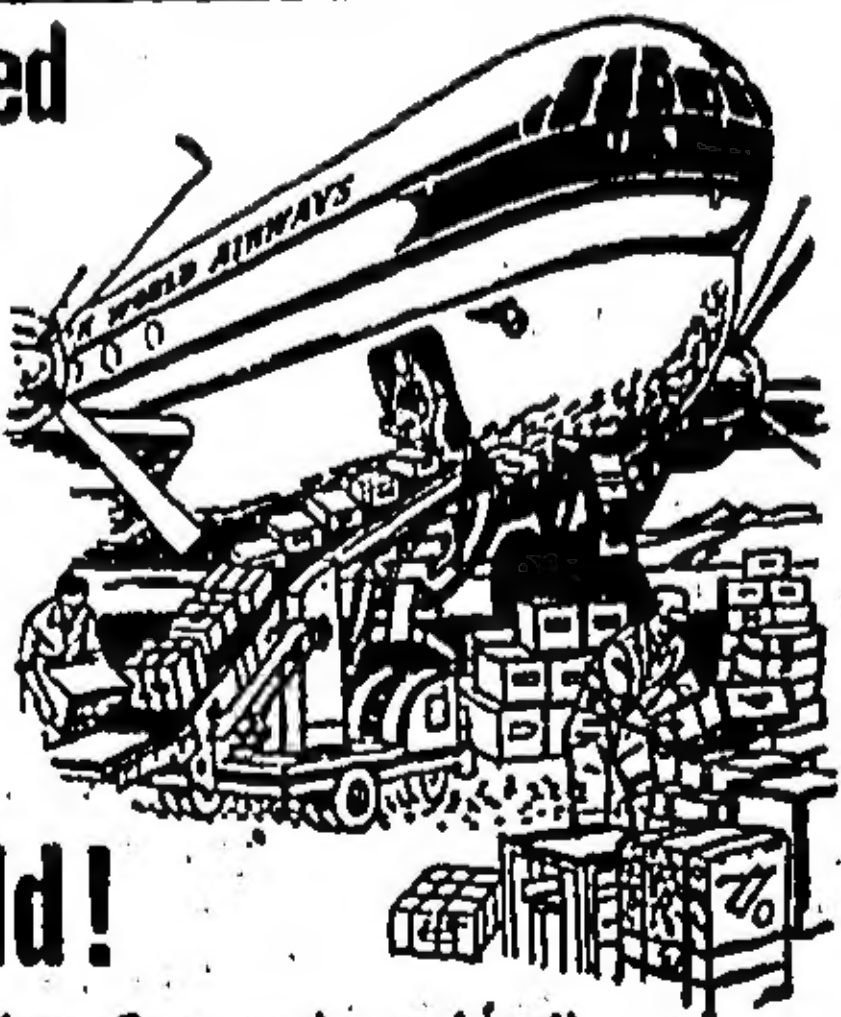
Mr Clough is a Consul at the United States Consulate-General.

Policeman Slain In Gun Battle

Seattle, Mar. 12.

A policeman was killed and two others wounded in a gun battle with robbers during a bank hold-up here today. The robbers are reported to have got away.—France Presse.

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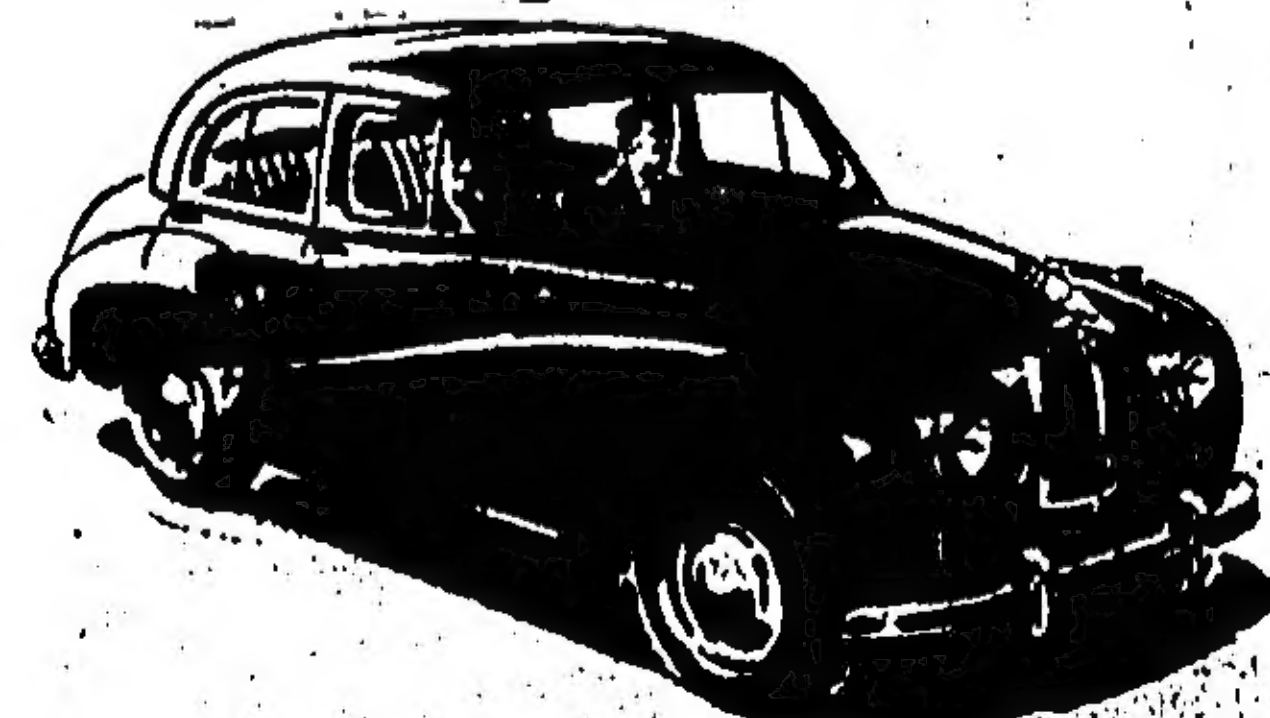


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The Duke Establishes A Museum

Victoria, B.C.
Sailors at nearby Esquimalt naval base have a museum today, thanks to the Duke of Edinburgh.

During his 1951 visit to the island, Prince Philip overheard a remark that Esquimalt's sailors were interested in establishing a place where relics of the navy's early years could be kept.

On returning to England, the Duke visited the English National Maritime Museum at Greenwich. A few weeks later a shipment of valuable naval relics arrived at HMCS Dockyard, Esquimalt. The sailor's museum was made.

An old brick building, having almost as much historical value as some of the relics, was required. Commander W.F.T. McCully was appointed curator and now has a fine beginning for the naval museum.

Among the articles sent by the Duke of Edinburgh was an official three-volume record of Captain George Vancouver's journeys in the British Columbia coastal area between 1790 and 1795. The carvings of the Greenwich Museum also threw in an old telescope probably only 300 years old and a bust of the famed British admiral, Horatio Nelson.

Items donated locally included a full dress uniform belonging to the late Admiral Nelles, the Royal Canadian Navy's only full-dress admiral, and a 7½-inch key from the door of an old dockyard building.—United Press.

They Will Have Their Memories

Toronto.
A colourful part of Toronto's past is vanishing with the tearing down of the Yonge Street arcade.

To the 100-odd tenants still doing business in the 71-year-old building, it holds a certain magic of yesterday.

"It's the sentiment here," one tenant said. "All the money in the world wouldn't buy the memories we have here."

Harry Smith, proprietor of the 50-year-old Arcade Mangle and Novelty Shop, remembers when Houdini used to come into the shop to buy greasepaint.

"Those were the days when he played in vaudeville in Shea's Theatre," Smith explained.

"He also used to buy locks at a locksmith's on Lombard Street. And then there was Harry Lauder. He used to buy greasepaint in here too."

Most of Smith's memories are of people who used his shop before they hit the big time. He mentioned Milton Berle in particular.

"Milton Berle bought his first trick in here. It was a Siberian chain set with handcuffs. Berle was in vaudeville in those days but he used to fool around with magic when he wasn't on stage."

Smith said Berle used to sit on the edge of the counter and "make a perfect nuisance of himself."

Other long established shops looking for new quarters include a florist, a tobacco shop, a sports and pet store, and several clothing stores.—United Press.

SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"I'm a little surprised at you going to get married, Miss Lloyd—we've always regarded you as one of our big happy family here!"

Expedition To Seek Mystery Ship

Pond Inlet, N.W. Territories.
Peter Murdock, manager of the trading post at Pond Inlet, is planning an expedition to Pylat Island, 300 miles North of the Magnetic Pole, to investigate stories of a deserted sailing vessel believed to be more than a century old.

The only time the vessel has been seen by a white man was when the crew of an American battleship spotted the wreck during a patrol in 1945.

Eskimos from this region who make an annual pilgrimage to Pylat island to bring back driftwood reported to Murdock that the ancient vessel, now covered with arctic moss, stands about 15 feet above the ground.

The Eskimos told Murdock the ship lies about half a mile East of a big glacier and about 400 miles inland. Murdock believed the ship moved far inland because the land at that point is slowly rising.

The Eskimos said only the rear half of the ship and the skeleton structure are left.

Does What He Waited For Others To Do

Johannesburg.
South African and world literary critics are hailing the first novel written in Afrikaans by a man who says he wrote it after waiting in vain for a "better educated" African to do it.

Arthur Fula, a court interpreter, has written a rich and powerful story of native life in South Africa today. "Johnnie Casts The Image" has been compared to American Alan Paton's "Cry the Beloved Country" for its dramatic and sympathetic approach to the African's problems in a European-dominated society.

Arthur Fula says of his book: "Johnnie is Johannesburg, the mould from which the natives who are drawn by its glitter emerge as men or are broken."

"Too many are broken. My people must get back to the land."

The book is being translated into Zulu and other African languages, as well as English and probably other European languages.

Fula said he wrote the book because "if the Afrikaans-speaking people are to learn to know and to understand us—we black people—then our writers must write in Afrikaans. Afrikaans is the language of the Boers and the national language of the Union of South Africa."

"For years I have been waiting for the big ones of my people—those with titles, who are educated and better suited than myself—to do this. I have waited in vain," he said.

"I saw that I must start the ball rolling myself."—United Press.

This Time It's Lost For Good

Stoughton, Saskatchewan.
Garage man Marcel Auger does not throw his money around, but he has a habit of dropping it here and there.

Auger has lost his wallet four times in the last few years. It has been returned to him three times, but this time Auger fears it is gone for good.

He lost it first in 1940 in the south Saskatchewan town of Estevan. It was returned to him a year later. In 1949 at the northern Kenosha Lake resort he lost it again and it was returned a year later.

Came 1951 and Auger lost it while trap shooting near Froude, Saskatchewan. This time it lay in an open field for two years until another trap-shooter picked it up in 1953 and returned it.

But the pay-off came when Auger was on his honeymoon in San Francisco last month. He dropped it off the Golden Gate Bridge.

On Valentine's Day, his wife gave him a new one.—United Press.

Stamps Make Yet Another Calendar

New Delhi.
A new calendar, called the National Calendar, has been prepared by the Calendar Reform Committee and will be presented to the Indian Council of Scientific Research at its next session early in 1954.

The committee, which was appointed by the government of India, said that the National Calendar should have its New Year on the first day after the vernal equinox on March 22.

It said that days must be reckoned from midnight to midnight for civil purposes, while calculation of days from sunrise to sunrise may be followed for religious purposes.

India has a bewildering variety of calendars used in various regions for administrative and religious purposes. Some lunar, some solar and others luni-solar. At the present time there are more than 30 different calendars.

In the holy city of Benares, there are four and it is common to find important Hindu festivals being celebrated on different days in different parts of the country.

In Calcutta this year, it even happened that one Hindu festival was celebrated on different days in the same city.

To do away with such confusion, the committee has recommended that a bill for a uniform calendar be brought before the Indian Parliament.

Political chaos in the country have suggested that the new calendar be named after Mahatma Gandhi, the Father of the Indian Republic.—United Press.

The latest "Crownest" official RCN publication, claimed this is what happened: Sulphur dioxide in the funnel fumes mixed with moisture in the air to form sulphurous acid—H2SO3, if you want to get technical.

The thing is, acid and nylon just don't mix. As the Navy put it, they're not "compatible."

If you must go abroad, girls, maybe it would be wise to stay below decks on windy days. Or take the nylons off.—United Press.

Leave Those Nylons Behind

Ottawa.
Stay off these nylon bouds, girls, if you don't want runs in your stockings.

About 100 ladies took a short cruise on HMCS Ontario on the West coast recently as guests of the Navy. It was a breezy day in the Strait of Juan De Fuca. Gassy funnel smoke swirled about the silk-sheathed legs of the ladies.

Then the fun—or trouble—started. Lacquered toenails and pink-tipped toes began showing on the gap-front shoe wearers. Long runs and ladders zig-zagged in all directions. Nylons disintegrated right and left.

The Edward VII issue was recalled to Ottawa when the king died in 1912 to be replaced by stamps of George V.

Maxwell Moss operates a boat livery here. He, his sister and brother had originally tried to sell the stamps in California.—United Press.

Decoration For General Franco



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Mons Hildebrando Antoniutti, Papal Nuncio to Spain, shows General Franco the Grand Collar of the Jesus Christ Equestrian Supreme Order, highest decoration of the Vatican, before presenting the decoration to the general on behalf of the Pope. The ceremony took place at the El Pardo Palace, Madrid.—London Express.

The Big Round-Up Under Way

Cranbrook, British Columbia.
The ninth annual wild horse roundup is under way here and is expected to continue for nearly two months.

The roundup is sponsored by the British Columbia Forest Service to protect crown ranges from hundreds of wild horses which roam the Kootenay and Columbia River Valleys.

Two areas are designated safety zones—"The Island" in the Columbia River near Brisco, and "Police Meadows" near Edgewater.

In the past eight years some 4,000 horses were rounded up or "destroyed" in the annual drives.

Nearly 2,000 of the total roundup were taken from the Cranbrook range in the Nelson Forest District.

Many of the wild ones are useless even for stampee purposes. However, some are rounded up and put into reserve herds for district stampedes while others are trained as pack horses and for Forest Service work.

A great number are corralled and shipped to slaughter houses for dog and mink feed.

There is a certain amount of opposition to the yearly undertaking but the Forest Service has remained firm in its stand since 1949 that livestock operators, who pasture in the neighbourhood of 105,000 cattle a year, have first rights where range conservation is concerned.

"They have convinced the drives with such work as range-feeding and wood-control and the building of fences, corrals, cattle-guards and stock bridges."—United Press.

"Save People" Crusade By Traffic Authorities

Stockholm.
Swedish traffic authorities will start a "save people" crusade in order to decrease the traffic casualties, Director-General of the Board of Road-Building, K.G. Hjort, said.

In wintertime Sweden and other northern countries have unprecedented traffic problems in Europe, Mr Hjort said. Last winter icy highways cost the lives of an alarming number of persons, depending on hard climate, snow gales and icy highways.

Sweden has about 13,000 kilometres of highways. The number of cars has increased quickly in the postwar years and 1952 this country had 454,054 motor vehicles, 350,740 of which were passenger cars, 8,368 buses and 94,987 trucks. Additionally there were 200,908 motorcycles.

Today every 13th Swede is a car owner.

Sweden is divided into 261 highway districts, each of them is equipped with a shortwave radio centre. In every district there are four or five trucks also equipped with short wave.

The district chief from his radio centre can direct the trucks giving them information of which highways are in greatest need of being gravelled. The highway districts are co-operating with the meteorological service of the Swedish Air Force, which gives the district chiefs frequent weather forecasts. This, of course, adds to the preparedness so that trucks can stand ready in due time.

"Last winter we poured 810,000 cubic metres of gravel on our highways," Mr Hjort said. "It is our duty to prevent the cars from getting damaged and the drivers injured or killed because of the dangerous state of highways in winter time."—United Press.

Experience? One man who wanted a job as "cleaner and helper" said: "Been married for 30 years and have had to do plenty of cleaning and helping around the house." Another candidate said: "I'm going to get that job or bust. I wish you'd pull some red tapes or something." Sex? "Never."—United Press.

People looking for jobs on the federal payroll sometimes put the damndest things on their applications.

A culling of past answers to civil service questionnaires produce these: "Marital status? One girl said 'single' and asked in turn 'What do you expect in Ottawa?' A man said 'single' but 'married for income tax purposes.'"

"Place of birth? 'Hospital.' Number of dependents? 'One and a half.' Natural born or naturalized Canadian? 'Born natural.' Length of residence in Canada? '22 feet by 40 feet.' Have you ever been rejected by an insurance company? 'No. Am continually solicited.'"

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MISS Isie-Suzette Esselen, godchild of the late General Smuts and daughter of the late Mr Louis Esselen, a leading member of the South African United Party, has become engaged in London. Her fiancé is Mr Patrick C. Tattersall, a young solicitor and partner in a firm in Haymarket, London. (Express)



FIELD MARSHAL Earl Alexander of Tunis and Countess Alexander arrive at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square, for the European premiere of the Hollywood colour film, "Kiss Me Kate," which has been adapted from Shakespeare's "The Taming of the Shrew." (Express)



JOAN GILBERT, television's "About The Home" demonstrator, one day showed viewers what to do if one's dress caught fire. Little Diana Durrell saw the programme and understood, and when her own frock caught fire a few days later she remembered and rolled herself in an elderdown. Recovering in hospital in Horley, Surrey, she is visited by Joan Gilbert. (Express)



WEARING an apricot organza gown, with a diamond necklace and a bracelet in the form of a snake round her wrist, Princess Margaret examines her pair of 3-D glasses at the Empire Theatre premiere of "Kiss Me Kate." On the Princess's left is Mr Denys Rhodes. (Express)



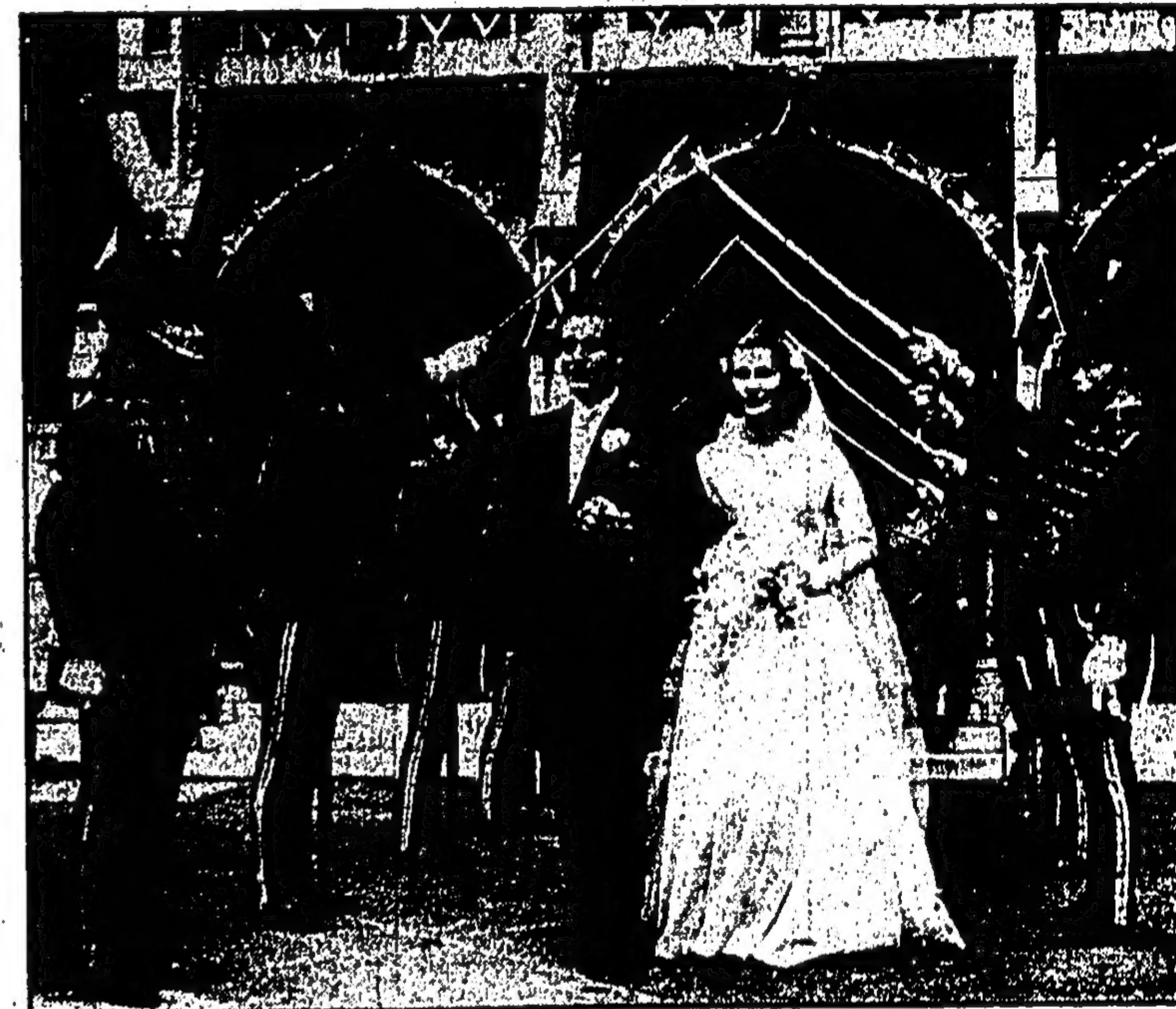
CRIES of "Ole" rang round the roof of London's Stoll Theatre when Antonio, Spain's most famous dancer, was back with a new company. And the audience kept shouting for more. Photo shows Antonio with Flora Albaicin. (Express)



MR A. P. Sinker, 48, who has been appointed the new Director-General of the British Council. He will be the first Director-General on a full-time basis. At present First Civil Service Commissioner, he was a temporary assistant secretary at the Admiralty during the war. After the war, he was put in charge of training and education in the Civil Service. (Express)



LADY Perdita Blackwood, 19-year-old daughter of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, serves a customer at the Mayfair restaurant where she has taken a job as a waitress. She works a four-day week from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. The restaurant's owner is Lady Perdita's former dressmaker. (Express)



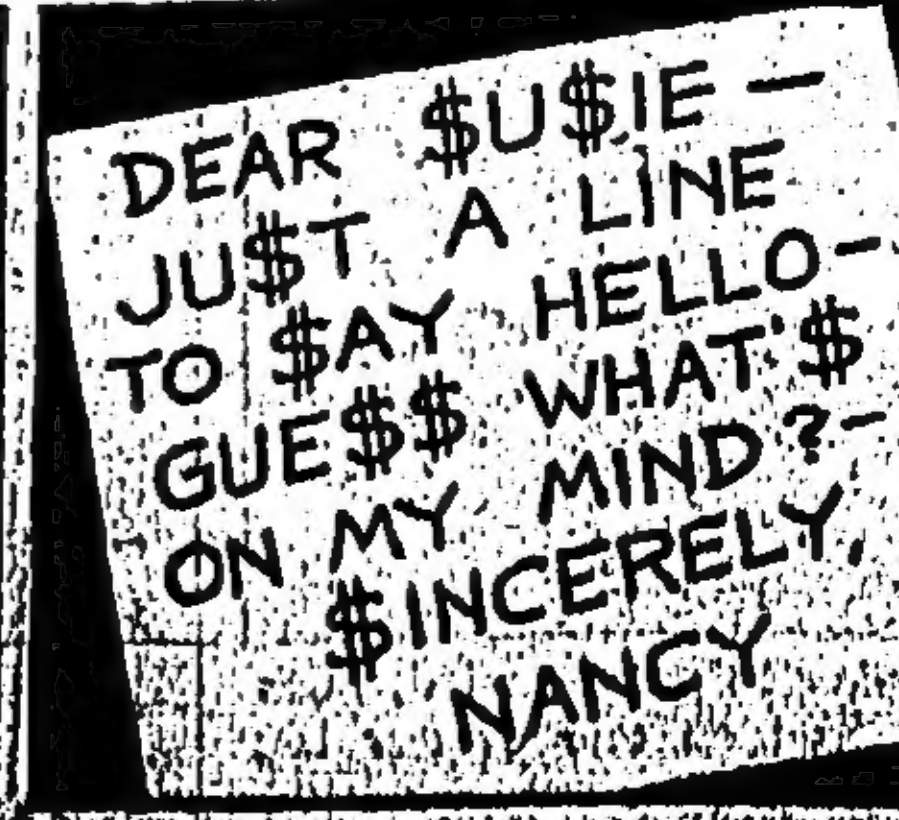
MISS Mariette Hornby, 21-year-old cousin of the Marchioness of Blandford, leaves St Margaret's, Westminster, with her bridegroom, Lieutenant Thomas Hall, 25, after their wedding. The couple will sail soon for Malaya, where Lt Hall is stationed with his regiment, the 11th Hussars. He was formerly ADC to Field Marshal Sir John Harding. (Express)

RIGHT: Miss Fiona Campbell, 22-year-old art student daughter of Lord Stratheden, bound the scarlet morocco visitors' book on board the Royal tour liner Gothic. She is finishing a three-year course in hand binding at a Holborn art school. (Express)



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



BLACK
MAGIC
PLAIN
CHOCOLATES

CLUBLAND VANDALS PROBLEM

By Vaughan Jones

LONDON. TO the Reverend James Butterworth, the Methodist minister who dedicated his life to serving youth, experience brought disappointment.

Thirty-two years ago, with six boys and one room, he started a club designed to offer poor boys and girls something better than playing in London's sooty sidestreets.

Sited in Walworth, a tough, slummy district, he worked unceasingly on this Youth venture, calling it Clubland.

Clubland grew great and became famous. With its theatre, gymnasium, lounge, recreation rooms, baths and other premises, it eventually cost £100,000. And its facilities rivalled those of the West End's best clubs for the privileged.

Royalty visited it. Amongst the famous who subscribed to it was Bob Hope, who donated £11,000.

GOOD FELLOWSHIP

Boys and girls found a good fellowship and solid comfort there which they had never enjoyed elsewhere. They themselves were guarantors of the spotlessness of this great home where no doors had locks. Mr. Butterworth became friend and adviser to countless numbers.

His boys would aim to introduce into their own future homes the comforts they experienced there, he used to say. Two years ago, things began to go wrong. Zoot-suited youths of the razor slashing, cash-boy type began to slash chairs, smash windows, break up furniture, tear out plumbing fixtures.

Culprits were hard to detect. Fellow club members feared to give them away. Hollywood-type teenage girls encouraged their "gangster" boy friends in their "daring." And the destruction campaign continued.

This week Mr. Butterworth could stand it no longer. He let the public know the sordid story of vandalism. But, though disappointed, he did not at all despair of Youth.

True to his ideals, he blames only the individual perpetrators but associates their hoodlums with the two-year gulf in their lives caused by the National Service call-up of the eighteen-year-olds.

SEMI-VACUUM

He recalls that boys aged fifteen and sixteen leave school with prospects of a couple of unsatisfied years before them.

Employers are unwilling to give them permanent work, but the lads—due to Britain's labour shortage—can always pick up well-paid temporary jobs.

So, with a semi-vacuum in their lives and money in their pockets, they turn their energies to destruction. The young fellows of eighteen and over who formerly suppressed incipient signs of vandalism in the club are now themselves in the forces, he says.

An additional moral to the story, however, has been put forward by welfare workers and psychologists.

They assert that, when a Welfare State provides much and demands little, some of the youth it seeks to help lose, in fact, their constructive instincts. And these boys prefer to destroy rather than create.

"Operation Tax Collection"—Where It Hurts Most

By J. L. HAYS

HERE is the sad story of Jerusalem's thousands of defaulting Israeli taxpayers—now undergoing "Operation Tax Collection" at the bidding of a no-nonsense gentleman called Mr. Jacob Schreibaum.

Jacob Schreibaum has been specially appointed to collect something like \$400,000 which defaulters of Jerusalem have failed to subscribe over the years, and, specifically, £190,000 owing on the Municipality's 1953-54 budget estimate of \$2450,000.

It is an odd circumstance that while Israelis elsewhere normally and dutifully pay up in the municipal cause, the community in Jerusalem seems to have a pathological dislike of doing so.

There are reasons for this state of affairs, of course, among them, the fact that since the 1949 Jerusalem, said, aloof and brooding on its wind-swept hilltops, has had more than its deserved share of blood-and-thunder, even by Palestinian standards. Arab, Jewish, and Jewish terrorist war against the

British and in 1948, two grinding sieges by Arab armies. Among the explosions, fires, bombardments and chaos, the Jewish community rather lost the habit of paying for services which were frequently conspicuous by their absence.

Most of the new immigrants who have swollen its numbers in recent years—Oriental Jews from remote and backward countries like the Yemen, or Europeans who spent most of their "formative" years in Hitler's concentration camps—have simply never acquired the habit at all.

WARNING

Mr. Schreibaum has ordered two "confiscation teams," escorted by armed police, to seize "the most expensive article" in the homes of those owing more than \$100, with the threat: "Pay up now, or we will auction this later." He has warned others that he has given the power to deduct arrears from bank accounts, and has also sent out hundreds of notices to the effect that, if the rate money is not forthcoming, he will order employers to deduct it from monthly

salaries in instalments "not exceeding one-quarter of that salary."

But the most spectacular aspect of "Operation Tax Collection" to date has been the swoops, by uniformed municipal collectors, on bicycle owners behind with their 10-shilling annual licence payments.

Every now and then, the "municipal collectors" and police sweep out of hiding to cordon off main roads. Cyclists who can only produce an old licence (or none at all) have their machines confiscated until they trot along to the Town Hall to "bail them out." And those who will not or cannot pay are ordered to add their machines to the growing pile publicly auctioned within a week, unless you take out a licence for it.

It is small wonder that the daily collection of rates has jumped from £1,000 to over £2,000 since Mr. Schreibaum came to power. "But then he simply has to be tough. If Jerusalem's municipal services are to be kept working—and if municipal employees are to get any wages—

would sound like a wild-eyed fanatic.

For this is a CONVERT. DD Billy Graham—a Billy Graham polished up and turned around especially for British consumption.

He urges his congregation to think of God "in the shop, on the tram, in the tube, and in the coach," and not in the American way, "in the store, on the streetcar, on the subway, and in the bus."

He raises his voice only occasionally. Most of the time he speaks slowly. When the time comes to call the faithful to come forward and be "saved," he urges them to be calm, to think hard, and to walk slowly.

Emotion bursts out only when he is reading from the out-sized, soft-backed Bible with "BILLY GRAHAM" engraved on the cover. Then his delivery reaches a staccato crescendo.

The peak passes quickly and he returns to a tone which would do credit to a Bank of England clerk.

SHOWMAN

ONE thing is certain—Billy Graham is a master showman.

His assessment of an audience is swift and sure. Billy Graham in Harringay and Billy Graham in a Los Angeles tent meeting are two different people.

In the United States he is a social phenomenon of major importance. He has drawn 8,000,000 people from coast to coast in five years—five years in which he has risen from obscurity to a guaranteed front page spot in every newspaper in the country. His newspaper column is probably read by 4,000,000 every day; his weekly television show is watched by nearly as many. At a single meeting, more than 75,000 have crowded to hear him; more than 1,000 have come forward to be "saved."

BACKERS

HIS \$15,000 a year salary is paid by a shadowy group of backers described only as "businessmen." The fund for his TV show comes from the same source. So does the \$25,000 it takes to circulate his list of the newly converted every week.

All in all, it takes £700,000 a year to run his organisation. And that does not include the cost of crusades.

On his crusades, he collects only enough for the travelling expenses of his 31-man team. The rest goes to the sponsoring churches.

Until 1952 he collected money during crusades to pay his staff. But too many people got the idea that Billy was out to make money. He stopped.

It is not likely that he's out to get rich.

Between crusades he and his wife, Ruth, and their three small children live quietly in an unpretentious home at Montreal, North Carolina, a tiny town near Asheville. It is comfortable and it is book-lined, but it displays nothing lavish.

And he really is a farm boy. He milked cows until he was 17. A year later, he went to an evangelist's tent meeting to please his parents. He went back every night for a month. Then he was converted.

After that he tried theological school but gave it up. Later he started as a lay preacher with the 7,000,000-strong Southern Baptist Convention. Eventually, he went back to college, graduated in anthropology (Wheaton College, class of 1945), got married, and started his life work.

SUCCESS

SUCCESS came slowly. It was a trombone player Cliff Barrows and gospel singer George Beverly Shen who put him in the big time. Both are still with him.

Success came in the tents of Los Angeles—the rich "law-law," said, where his crusades were held. McPherson and Billy Sunday made fortunes whipping the sinful into orgies of remorse.

He never went to their extremes. But he was known for his machine-gun delivery, his booming voice, and the fact that



Billy Graham at Kai Tak, when he passed through in December, 1952.

he often paced four miles on the platform while cannonading his "message."

In London he not only talks softly and slowly but he hardly ever leaves the microphone.

But the background doesn't answer the question on everyone's lips:

What is he up to?

Admit that he works like a slave and that he doesn't want to make another Billy Sunday fortune. Is he still just a crackpot?

From the welter of "messages" delivered from the platform, books, newspaper columns, and statements for the record, this much emerges:

HELL-BOUND

BILLY Graham thinks the world is hell-bound at a ferocious pace.

He points to the rising divorce rate, to the millions of unhappy homes that don't quite break up, to the crime rate, to the fact that mankind seems bent on working out its own destruction.

He notes that people would rather go to the movies than go to church, read the papers than read the Bible.

He reasons that the answer is to put the attraction of the movies in the church, and to make "the word of God page one news."

He does not care what denomination the converted join, so long as they join one. He does not want to found a new sect or to keep the faithful at tent meetings. His crusades are always run by local clergymen, and he travels only on invitation.

He is a mackbottom fundamentalist.

He doesn't believe in evolution. He believes that every word in the Bible is true, that man always ran by local clergymen, and the fact that

that all of us are born in "original sin."

Satan he regards as a well-known and constant companion.

But he doesn't insist that his followers believe everything he believes.

If they prefer the modified doctrine acceptable to Unitarians or Church of England liberals, that is fine with him—so long as they BELIEVE—and so long as they DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

CONVERSIONS

IN five years, he has converted 300,000. Just over 50 percent of them already belonged to some Church but needed their faith "revived."

He has followed their progress with regular checks, put them in touch with local clergymen, and even gone back to convert them all over again.

He thinks most of them will stick. The rest will have had what Billy Sunday used to call "a spiritual bath."

And clergymen from 1,000 British churches have given him their backing.

There is no final answer. Maybe he IS just a glib crank. But the attitude of conservative clergymen is simple.

They look at their rows of empty pews and put the case squarely: "We've got to try something."



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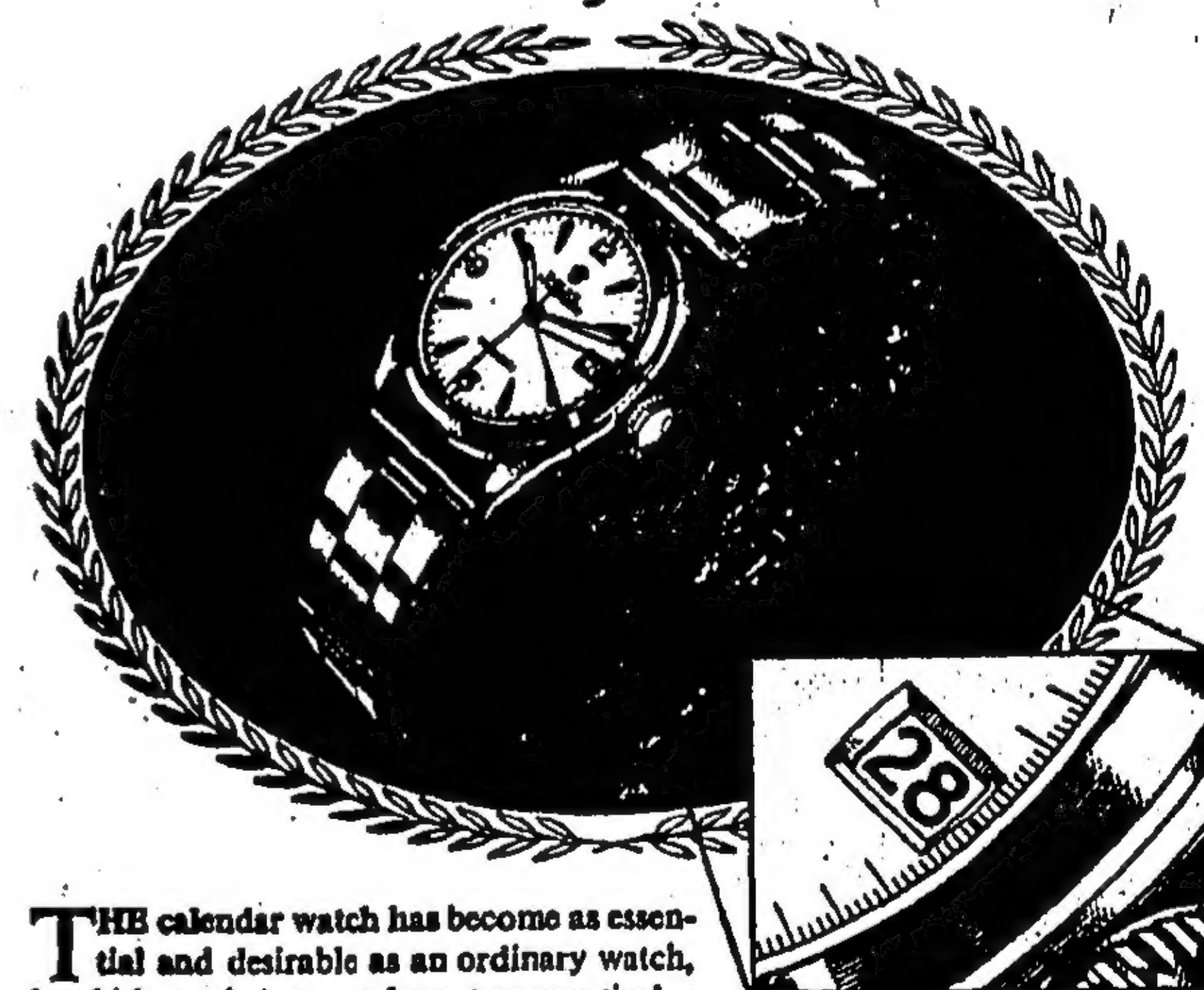
The Astonishing Story of Mrs 'W'

She Met The Man Of Her Dream — He Told Her 'I Know You!'

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HOW I LOST SIX STONE by hypnotism

MARY HEWAT

tells the story of a woman who is a stranger to her best friends.

London. MISS JEAN HOUSTON, a tall, elegant fashion designer in her thirties, sails for Australia and home this week, knowing that her friends will pass her on the street without speaking, and that her parents may not recognise her.

Already a passport official has refused to believe that the passport she carries is her own. "That picture," he said, "is not you."

He was almost right. For Miss Houston has been hypnotised into a new person. And she loves it. She can't talk about it without pirouetting around the room. Her deep chuckle bubbles out every other minute.

Last April Jean Houston was a tremendous bulk of a woman weighing more than 17 stone. She had been gaining weight since she was 13 years old. She was terribly self-conscious and thoroughly miserable about it.

She tried to reduce time after time. She had consulted doctors, swallowed bottles of pills, followed every sort of diet chart. Once she made herself really ill. But she failed. Each time after a few weeks or a few months, losing five or ten pounds, she gave it up. She resigned herself to being a fat girl for life.

Then by chance she went to a psychiatrist of West London Hospital. He treated her with hypnosis. The treatment lasted six months.

This is what happened to her figure:

	April	Today
Weight	17st. 4lb. 11st. 5½lb.	11st. 5½lb.
Bust	40 inches 38 inches	38 inches
Waist	39 inches 28 inches	28 inches
Hips	51 inches 40½ inches	40½ inches
Arm at shoulder	17 inches 13 inches	13 inches

MEDALS FOR MARXISTS

From Colin Lawson

DO you want to become a "Hero of Labour" with a tax-free prize of 100,000 marks (£9,000)? Or a Worthy Doctor of the People, with a private practice thrown in?

Then come to Communist East Germany where the total of medals and awards which can be won by faithful citizens now stands at more than 100. And where rank and privilege flourish.

The highest decoration — the Order of Karl Marx, with German oak-leaf cluster, Wilhelm Zaisser, boss of the Secret Police, got one just before he was purged.

The lowest—Splendid Chauffeur of the One Thousand Kilometre Movement. It goes to drivers who nurse their state-produced cars, without repairs, through double the normal life laid down.

And here are some of the other awards:

A Worthy Rail-Roader — a medal and 5,000 marks (£400). Outstanding Scientists — a silver medal and 40,000 marks (£3,500).

Worthy Miner for the People — a medal with miner's lamp and Picasso Peace Dove.

What of the armed forces? Red Germany has 200,000 soldiers, two air divisions and a coastal defence flotilla. Recruits can get two certificates, "Com-

rade with the Best Political Knowledge" or "Best Comrade in Basic Training."

They are hung in barracks-rooms.

But what is the most prized award? Any one of the three sections of the Goethe Prize for Literature. Each carries a free villa and free domestic servants plus cash awards of 100,000, 50,000 or 25,000 marks.

There is even a prize for farmers who breed most pigs. Says the Red Ministry of Agriculture:

"Although feeding stuffs are scarce it is possible to increase pig stock. Some farmers have already succeeded in developing precocious types of pigs."



BEFORE: A picture of Miss Houston taken before treatment.

"For the first time in my life," she says, "I know what it is like to feel like a normal person."

How was it done? First of all Miss Houston asked him if he would like to treat a "cannule elephant."

"I imagined that I was in for a Sengul sort of thing," she says, "so that when I reached out for a chocolate cake some unseen force would make me draw my hand back. Unfortunately it wasn't nearly as easy as that."

The psychiatrist began, says Miss Houston, by convincing her that it really was possible for her to take off weight. But she had to do it. He could only help.

He asked searching questions about her past life. He told her that she ate too much because she was unhappy—food was a sort of compensation. Other people smoked too much, or got drunk, or had hysterics. She ate.

He put her on a protein diet—no starches, no fats, but all she wanted of things like meat, fish, eggs, salads, fruit and cheese.

The hypnotic treatment began the next week. She lay on a couch, closed her eyes, and the psychiatrist talked to her.

"I never lost consciousness," she says, "but I was fully relaxed. I could remember everything he said."

What he said was: that she could lose weight, that she was going to be an attractive, happy woman, and that she would no longer want the food that made her fat.

The hypnosis acted as a "split" for her will power. In

three weeks she lost a stone. For the next three weeks her weight stayed steady. In the third three-week period, she lost another stone. As her weight came down she began to feel more alive. She became more energetic.

"I feel," she says, "as if I were starting a completely new life. There are so many things I can do now—silly little things that normal women never think about."

She looked down at a pair of trim, well-shod feet. "I can wear spike heels for the first time in my life. Last week I went into a shop and bought pretty frilly underwear—not the largest in the shop. They used to tell me they didn't make things my size."

She can run up and down stairs. Men, who used to shy off, gather round at cocktail parties. She can dance. She can buy model gowns.

There is more to it even than that. Miss Houston left her fashion designing in Sydney to study singing in London. She has a fine soprano voice. Her sister is Eleanor Houston, the opera singer.

"But I never worked at singing," Jean says, "I was too ashamed of my size to appear on a public platform."

In the past eight months her voice has improved in quality and range. Musicians have told her she must make it her career.

"But I'm not making plans yet," she jokes. "I'm going to start living first. I might even marry a rich sheep farmer and settle down."

"Frankly, some of my friends warned me against this treatment. They said it was quackery. But my doctor is a qualified specialist in a hospital. I am starting a new life with complete confidence. If this is quackery, then I'm all for it."



—AND AFTER: Miss Houston to-day.

When Your Child Is Ill, Is It Your Fault?

By JAMES LEASOR

IF your child is unwell...do you ever wonder whether, as parents, it may be your fault?

Not because you let him eat something that disagreed with him, or because you allowed him to go out without his coat...but because of something you may have thought had nothing to do with him at all.

Because of a quarrel he overheard between you; a look he saw that he was not meant to see. Something that disturbed him, made him feel insecure, and, finally, ill.

At Bath the other day a husband and wife who wanted to separate told the

magistrates they had changed their minds. A book they had read made them want to start again, to go on together with their children.

One passage in this book, a novel, "The Bird in the Tree," by Elizabeth Goudge, so impressed the chairman of the Bench, Mr Sydney Lee Bush, that he had bought two copies out of his own pocket and sent them to the couple.

The Boy

The passage concerns a little boy. The adults round him think he has asthma, but he knows better.

"The asthma, the grown-ups had told him, was an illness, but Ben had known

quite well that he choked because his father and mother quarrelled.

"He admired them so...and when they quarrelled his love and sorrow swelled inside his chest...and he choked. He had understood it all quite well in his own mind, but he hadn't been able to explain it."

This so moved Mr Bush—a kindly, white-haired Pickwick of a man in a tweed knickerbocker suit, who has worked for 57 of his 78 years in his family grocery business—that he felt the couple would also be moved by it. They were.

"I felt the whole book has a definite spiritual basis," he explained to me as we sat in his office. "I think people need such a foundation when they start patching up a quarrel, and they found it here."

Miss Goudge's book shows what misery and loneliness can come to children when parents disagree; how a hasty and wrong decision can take happiness from a family and leave nothing in its place.

This was the intention of the author.

The Creed

"My book was not a true story, though. It had no basis in fact," she told me.

"It was the first of three about one family. I feel that to discuss it might be cashing in on the lives of these people. I am terribly glad to know that they are happy...all of them."

And so they are—just as the characters in her novel regained their lost happiness; through the realisation that their personal decisions did not affect them only, but also others.

Such is the creed of Christians, and it is one which Miss Goudge knows well: her father was a divinity don at Christ Church, Oxford.

Although this novel, like all her novels, has the calm of a person at peace within, her own life has not always been easy.

When she was younger she taught a few private pupils the gentle arts of needle-work, basket-making, and weaving. And all the while she weaved her own dreams of being a writer.

The Prize

She did more than dream; she worked, every night, long after others were abed. And, slowly, recognition came. Her first book was published when she was 32 (she is now in her early fifties). Then short stories, other novels, a play.

In 1944 she won a £30,000 Hollywood prize for "Green Dolphin Country," and from then on the road was easier and in the uplands; the dream was not beyond but behind her.

Neither the magistrate who understands the minds of children nor the novelist who writes of them so movingly, is married.

For years Miss Goudge looked after her mother, who was in poor health. Then lived in a little cottage on a hill outside Painsford. Once, there, I asked her if she had ever been depressed over her chances of success. "Often," she said. "Then I'd start work again. Work is the best antidote for despair."

The Title

It was in this cottage she wrote "The Bird in the Tree."

The book takes its title from a blue bird that suddenly appears unexpectedly in a tree. Someone says it is a blue bird.

Possibly it is, but everyone knows it is also something else; the elusive blue-bird of happiness, symbol of a love regained and a heart at rest.

Elsewhere in the story a character remarks: "Life is rather an unhappy affair. It is a mixture of joy and sorrow, and it is a mixture of light and shadow."

For the married couple, and their children, for a moment, and for Miss Goudge, that was a moment when the light was shining.

'General China' Talks Of 'Peace'

By DONALD WISE

Nairobi. I TALKED this week to General China—the captured Mau Mau commander who has been taken from the death cell by the Government of Kenya and sent out into the forest to tell the other terrorist chiefs that they should lay down their arms and surrender.

Police officers of the Special Branch escorted me through two barbed-wire fences, one of which was electrified, and into a small wooden house. And there I met General China, this small, chunky man who formerly commanded 4,000 killers in the forest war zone around Mount Kenya.

HE is still against the Government and all Europeans. He still believes in the Mau Mau aim of seeking to drive the white people from Kenya. The only essential difference in this man since he was captured two months ago is one of method.

His Mission

HE is convinced now that violence can no longer achieve the Mau Mau objective. So his mission is to lead the Mau Mau men away from their terror tactics in order that they may seek their aims by peace.

One other change is sartorial. General China now wears a policeman's blue jersey instead of his terrorist's white shirt and pants. And his spiky hair has been shorn to a prison cut.

Although he has had no essential change of heart, he realises that he is lucky not to be at the bottom of the hangman's rope.

He said loftily: "I take my reprieve (to life imprisonment) as a sign of Government sincerity in attempting to stop the fighting."

Why is he striving for peace so soon after fighting?

He said: "I am working for the Kikuyu people. If they stop being violent, the political outlook for them may be improved. Then they will like me."

China was interrupted by Superintendent Ian Henderson, top police cloak-and-dagger man, who was born in a forest hut 27 years ago and is running the peace move.

Fiercer Fight

"We are only talking surrender of Mau Mau at this stage," he said firmly. "No politics."

Mr Henderson, who was wearing grey flannels and a blue-checked shirt, called General China by the name his troops used — Muthee, pronounced Moothayee, and meaning supreme.

He asked: "Muthee, how did the battles you have fought here compare with your experiences in the King's African Rifles?"

Old Burma fighter China said the battles he directed around Mount Kenya were much fiercer than those he fought against the Japanese.

General China is 31. His only relative is his mother, and she lives not far from where he is held in the hut near Nyeri, 100 miles north of Nairobi.

In his role as peace-maker, he works long hours, sending appeals to his former field commanders to surrender and urging them to meet the police.

Interrogations

When these field commanders come in they talk with General China in the hut. Afterwards, China is questioned by Superintendent Henderson and his assistant, Mr Bernard Ruck.

This interrogation starts at 8 a.m. Later in the day two police officers make a secret trip into Kikuyuland to meet other Mau gangsters. They have worked until midnight since the

peace moves started — on February 12.

"These men take a lot of convincing," Mr Henderson told me. "To quote their way of talking, they are afraid that the Government has a wildcat in the bag when we suggest a meeting."

Mr Henderson and Mr Ruck drive to these secret meetings in a Land-Rover. They stop at the agreed place and there is a long, dangerous silence.

Many pairs of eyes watch them from the undergrowth and search for signs of treachery before anyone comes forward.

Meanwhile, General China is usually in his bare wooden room, sitting on the edge of his camp bed and writing his letters. He eats posho, an African dish made of meal.

Occasionally he is given a cigarette. He never speaks unless spoken to, and he has never complained to his all-European guard.

Gaol For Life

He will spend the rest of his life in gaol—a change from the precarious career he had in the forests of Mount Kenya.

Precarious because, as Superintendent Henderson says, Mau Mau commanders who give unpopular orders are often told by their men: "Take it back or you will get shot."

General China was a powerful commander because he could make stirring speeches. But when captured he was tired and nervous.

"I had several lucky escapes," he told me. "Air bombing is frightening."

So was the throat wound he received before he was captured. He panicked because "I felt air coming out of my throat."

Strong Man

Lolling against the window-ledge General China grinned at Mr Henderson, whom Mau men call "Kin-kaujui." This is the name of a strong man who did his best for the Kikuyu people years back. All the Mau Mau know Mr Henderson and he knows most of them.

What ever surrenders General China may achieve in his old beat around Mount Kenya may not be repeated elsewhere.

But, whatever happens, China, faintly truculent, is working hard to make a go of his peace campaign because he thinks it is the only way to solve things satisfactorily for the Kikuyu people.

JOHNNY HAZARD



By Frank Robbins

...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

Gorgeous Creations By London Couturiers



Above: A John Cavanagh creation for the recent London spring collections. The hundred yards of tulle evening dress has its gigantic un-crimlined skirt draped around and from an embroidered motif of lilies-of-the-valley. The minute bodice is trimmed with black velvet.

At left: A short evening dress in mist grey organza by Victor Stiebel. The skin-fitted bodice is draped to accentuate the bust and the full skirt is embroidered with medallions of pleated grey taffeta set with rhinestones.

Closely Guarded Fashion Secrets Are Revealed

London. The genuine tickings and chintzes were used.

THE pictures of the new London collections have just been released. They were kept secret for a month to give foreign buyers time to return home with the designs they purchased.

Surprise Number One of the collections was the battle royal waged over the length of the evening dress. Hartnell said "Long dresses only will be worn," whilst Stiebel promoted the ballerina dress.

Those designers who favoured the full length dress deliberately made it more glamorous and more decorative than it has been recently.

REVIVAL OF LACE

Surprise Number Two was the revival of lace. This year it was used in all manner of ways. For an Ascot outfit it was veiled over linen and turned into a suit, for an evening dress it was placed over a coloured satin underskirt. It even takes a hint from your kitchen apron. Matli, for instance, made an angle length dress of finely pleated black tulle and topped it with an apron of lace.

Two further details, thrust into the news by the collections, are the sailor collar and the pussy-cat bow. Wholesalers, taking their cue from London and Paris, are now busily whipping up their own versions of these in time for Easter.

PUSSY-CAT BOW

The sailor collar will be shown on a two piece suit, while the pussy-cat bow will trim anything from suits to evening capes, and will be made in anything from striped silk to black taffeta.

There's a new way in which last year's fashions are being brought up to date for this year. Last year you saw the first of the suits and dresses in mattress ticking and household chintz.

But this year there are more sophisticated varieties of these same materials. There is white poplin printed with a mattress stripe, and fine cotton with a chintz-like flower pattern. And such is the price you pay for fashion that the sophisticated imitation costs three times the price of the primitive original.

NEW COLOURS

Every year there's a crop of names for old colours. This year there is a bigger one than usual for us to keep pace with.

Yellow is no longer yellow, but unripe orange or bamboo blonde. Pink isn't pink, but peppermint rock or dawn blush. And green is sun olive or lemon leaf.

Even black and white are no longer black and white. For black, now read soot or carbon; for white, oyster or surf. And brown can be cinnamon, tobacco, cognac, old gold, or burnt apricot (if you know what colour that is).

Far-fetched and fanciful they may be but they certainly bring business. For we all have a fanciful streak and a dislike of the mundane.

And do we fall for the new names? Of course we do. Designers have feminine psychology taped. Who wouldn't prefer a sun olive suit to a green one, or a burnt apricot coat to a brown one?

—Dorothy Barkley

WHY SOME MARRIAGES ARE FAILURES

Philadelphia. HUSBAND'S ever-present newspaper at the breakfast table and the wife's nylon stockings drying in the bathroom are only surface reasons why marriages fail, one authority says.

These are just outer symptoms masking a deeper maladjustment, says Dr. Emily H. Mudd, executive director of the Marriage Council of Philadelphia, an affiliate of the University of Pennsylvania.

Dr. Mudd, a pleasant, grey-haired mother of four, listed six major reasons for marriage failures:

1. Over-dependence on parents.
2. Failure to grow up to a reasonable independence.
3. Inability to give as well as take.
4. Failure to recognise the partner's needs and accept the partner's feelings.

5. Inability to talk things over, to communicate with the partner.

6. "Major" differences in attitudes toward religion, children, finances, sex and jobs.

Dr. Mudd, president of the American Association of Marriage Counsellors, started the Council in 1933, holding sessions one night a week in a doctor's borrowed office.

"We wanted to find out if there was a real need for a marriage counselling service in the community," she explained.

It didn't take long to get the answer.

In 1953, the council conducted 8,168 interviews. A small fee normally is charged, although in cases of financial need, this is waived.

The Council regards itself as a preventive agency, helping couples think

The Best Place Is "In The Air"

By RON BURTON

Los Angeles. THE best place for a girl to hunt for a husband is in the air.

The feminine head of a training school for airlines stewardesses says this occupation often is described as "husband insurance." So many stewardesses marry soon after starting work that there's a constant shortage of personnel, she adds.

Statistics back up the statement of Marsha Toy, a former stewardess with Trans World Airlines, now running the Airline School of the Pacific.

The Los Angeles office of the U.S. Department of Commerce says the training apparently all but insures a husband—stewardess has the highest marriage rate of any occupational group, with no close second in sight.

Their Objects

At present, there are approximately 5,000 stewardesses on 30 domestic lines. They work an average of 18 months, which means about 300 leave every month. Some take other airlines jobs, but marriage bars them as stewardesses.

Their matrimonial objects usually are passengers, other airlines employees, and "the boy back home." Miss Toy says that many a stewardess has heard the "my, how-you've changed" remark when she visits home after starting her airline career.

A look at some of the school's methods helps to explain why the girls trap men so easily.

First off, the ones who enrol must meet certain physical requirements. Their age range is from 21 to 28, their height from five feet, one inch to five feet, seven, and weight from 100 to 140 pounds.

Glamourised

Then Miss Toy and her staff of 12 former stewardesses go to work on the applicant's personality and appearance.

The course lasts 12 weeks, and emphasises poise, speech, good grooming and posture—including the business of how to sit down properly.

A Hollywood hair stylist restyles the student's hair. And if there's a glaring feature fault, it may be corrected at a low fee under arrangements between the school and a plastic surgeon.

As the course progresses, the girls learn "trade" secrets—for example, correct head carriage involves keeping the ear lobes and shoulders in a straight line.

But staff members may decide that a girl isn't going to make it. When this happens, she receives a refund and some gentle advice to try a less-exacting profession.

Miss Toy, a trim woman in her thirties, opened her school six years ago. She claims a 97 percent placement of her graduates, although many airlines have their own schools. United and American Airlines offices in Los Angeles agree that stewardesses are in constant demand.

And one spokesman even had a little cheering news for girls who might not at present fill the physical bill.

"American girls are getting heavier and taller, and so many of our stewardesses marry so soon," he said with a sigh, "that we may have to change height and weight limits."

Dr. Mudd, married since 1922, says that in most cases the woman takes the first step to salvage the marriage.

"The majority of women in this country make marriage their major job," Dr. Mudd said, "and they have the greater stake in keeping out of the divorce courts."

While the Council extends a helping hand to couples regardless of race, creed or colour, Dr. Mudd found that the average person coming to the organization was under 30.

Dr. Mudd explained why. "Young people are more elastic, and have a more optimistic outlook toward their problems,"—United Press.

SHE'S TOO BUSY TO PARTAKE IN LIFE'S SILLY LITTLE THINGS

By Anne Heywood

DOESN'T it infuriate you when you read in the papers—or hear introduced on the lecture platform—a woman who is a successful wife, mother of a large family, top executive in a big business, charming hostess, and, for example, gifted amateur portrait painter?

My first reaction is always, "Oh, dear! What's the matter with me? I couldn't accomplish all that in a million years."

But then I review in my mind some of the women like that whom I've met, and immediately I feel better! Mrs. G. R. is an example.

She has a doctor husband, four children ranging in age from 13 to 21, a full-time job as assistant vice president in a manufacturing company, a well-run town house and a well-run country house, a reputation for her flawless clothes, and considerable acclaim as a rose grower.

A full life, you would say, with nothing missing that makes for happiness. But you would be wrong!

It isn't that Mrs. G. R.'s husband is neglected and unhappy, nor that she is a bad mother. On the contrary, her schedule allows plenty of time for companionship with the children, and discussions on their important problems. They are, in fact, very happy children and devoted to their mother.

And her husband, who works hard, too, at his medical practice, is not neglected. She saves her evenings religiously for him, and always has a sympathetic ear for his problems. She is a devoted mother, a devoted wife, a devoted citizen, and a devoted rose grower. But she is not a machine.

But the trouble is, Mrs. G. R. is too efficient, too schedule-ridden, too much like a lawlessly running machine. She has no flexibility, no time for relaxing, no time for fun. She is her own worst enemy, because her own life runs her, instead of her running her life.

The silly things, the busy things, the important things, the things that make life worth living, are missing from her life. She is a machine, and machines are not happy.



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SHEK WAI (Miss Sun Wai-lai), the popular young Chinese film star, and her actor husband, Fu Chi (Fu Kuo-liang). They were married at the Registry last Saturday. Mr Fu is a civil engineering graduate of St John's University, Shanghai. (Staff Photographer)



ASSISTANT Superintendent of Police J. Moore explains the workings of the Police communications system to His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, on his visit to the Central Police Station Control Room. On the left is Assistant Commissioner R. V. F. Turner. (Staff Photographer)



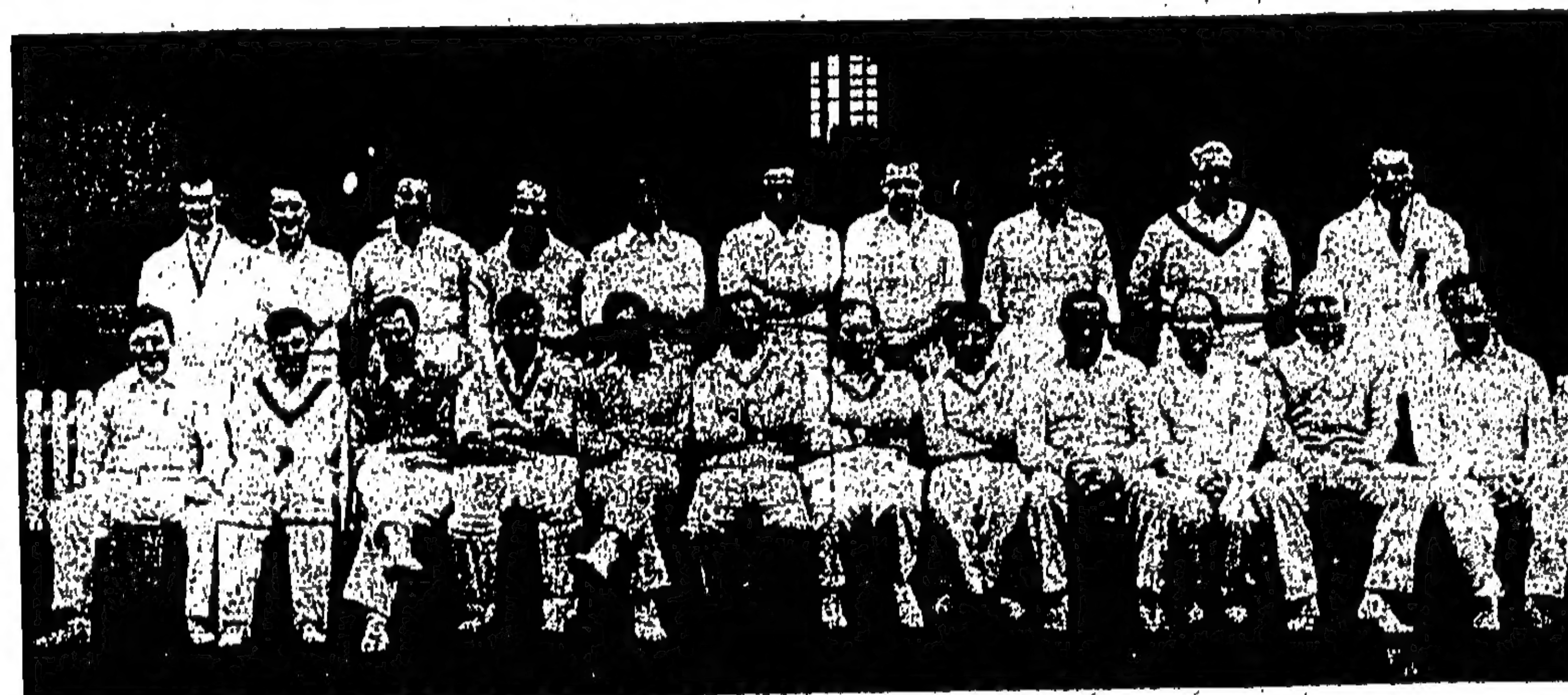
PICTURE taken at a farewell Chinese dinner party given by members of the Royal Hong Kong Defence Force to Major J. A. Fosbury, GSO II (Inf), Headquarters, British Forces. Major Fosbury, seated fourth from left, is leaving Hongkong today for England. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Players who took part in a friendly inter-hong cricket match between Jardine, Matheson and Co., Ltd., and Butterfield and Swire, Ltd. at Chater Road last Sunday. Taikoo won by 41 runs. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP picture taken at the wedding of Mr. Eugene Michael Petrov and Miss Joyce Thickett, which took place at St Andrew's Church last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Mr. D. T. Yui, Chairman of the China Christian Universities Alumni Associations, speaking at the annual joint dinner at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Staff Photographer)



HAPPY bridal group outside St John's Cathedral last Saturday. Occasion was the wedding of Mr Hu Tsu-ming and Miss Tan Poey-cheng. (Staff Photographer)



THE Colonial Secretary, the Hon. R. B. Black, shaking hands with Mr Li Wing-sum, who is going into retirement after 33 years' service in the Colonial Secretariat. Picture was made at a farewell presentation to Mr Li last week. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Women Volunteers taking part in the individual events at the annual Force shoot of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force at the Kai Tak range last Sunday. The team events will be shot off tomorrow. (Staff Photographer)



Shoes

by

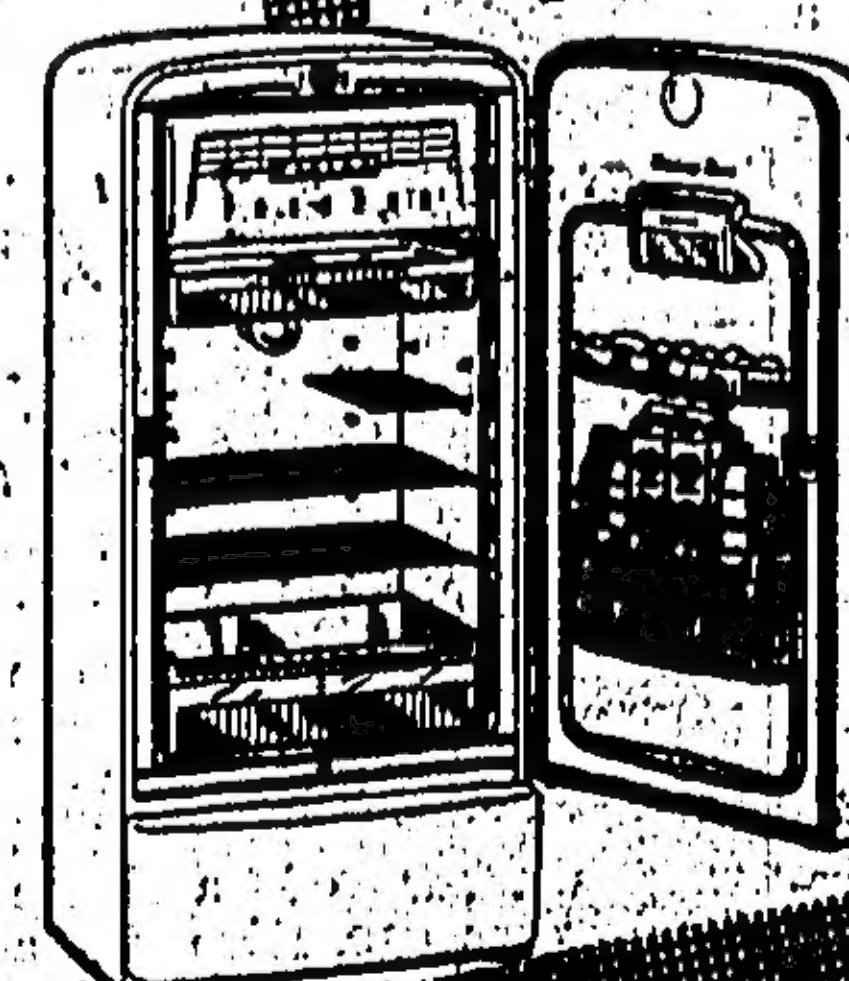


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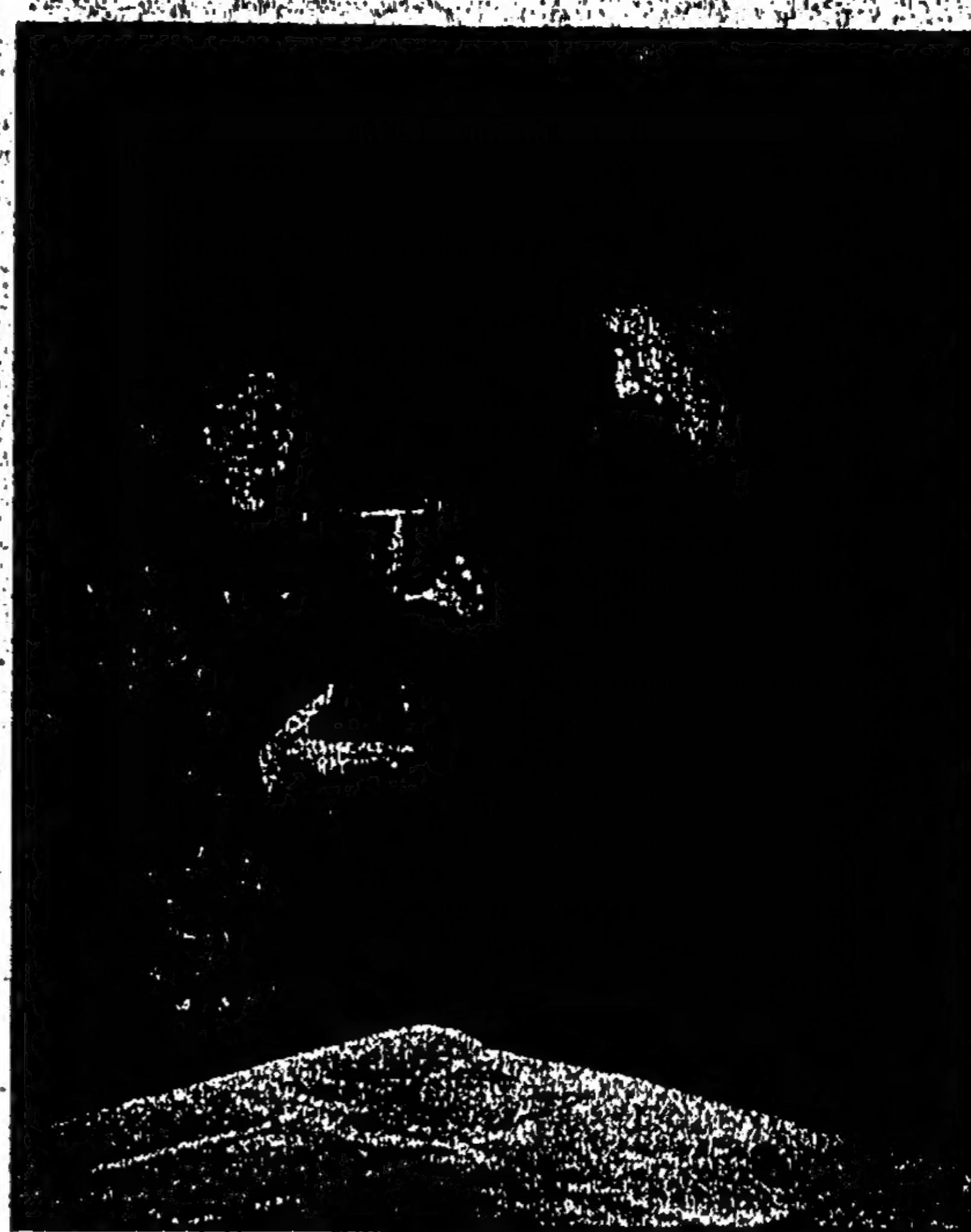
GILMAN'S



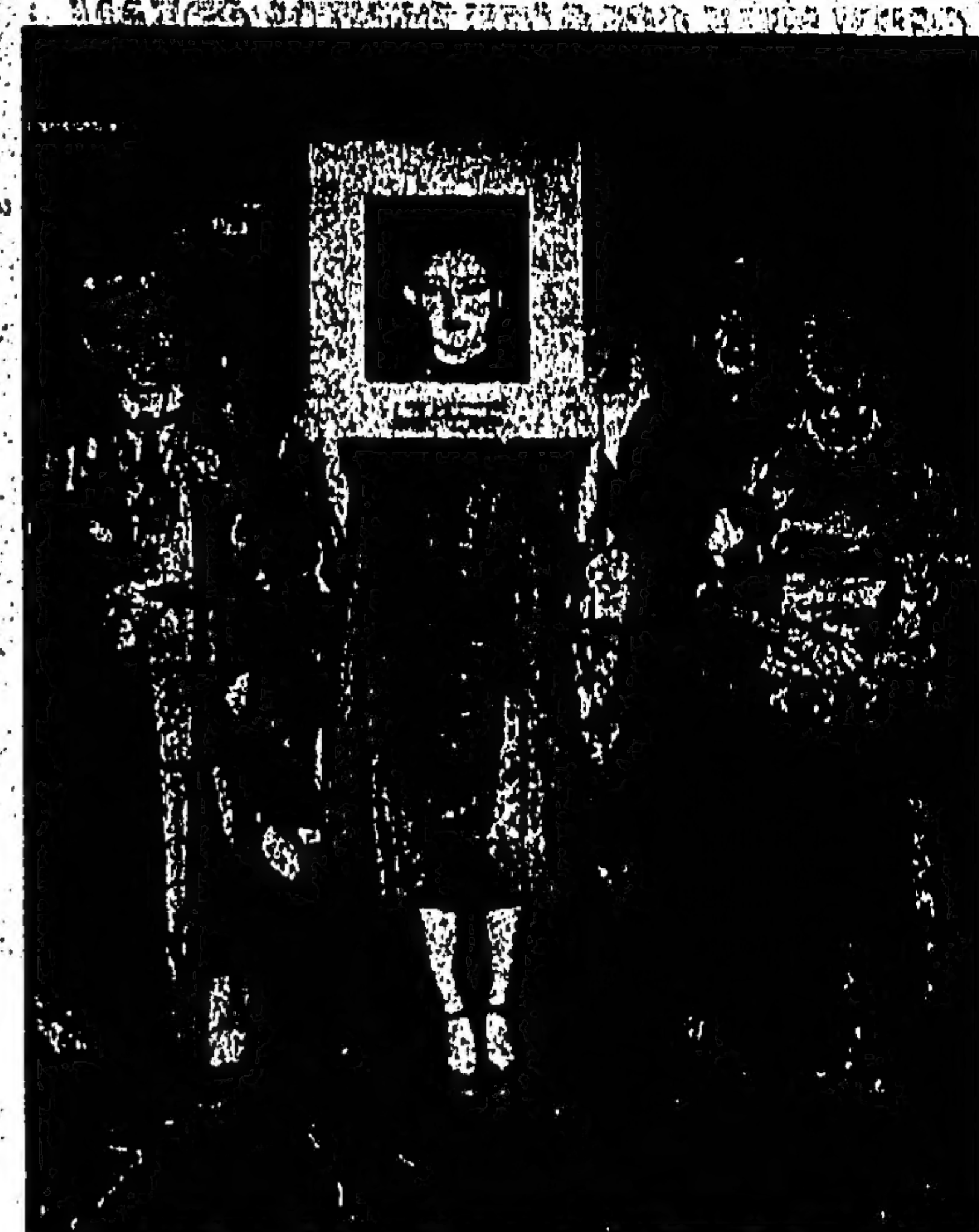
MR. M. N. Rakuson, President of the Society of Yorkshirians, addressing members and guests at the Society's annual dinner held at the Peninsula Hotel last week. (Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: Tennis champion Ip Koon-hung receiving the trophy from Miss Anno Goldman at the conclusion of the Colony championships last week. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Ng Wai-ching, of Lady Ho Tung Hall, won the women's individual championship at the Hongkong University athletic sports last Saturday. She broke two records. Here she is receiving a prize from Mrs. R. H. Leary. (Staff Photographer)



THE notice on the frame reads: "Head of a Woman, 1887, by Picasso." One of the many original fancy dresses seen at the Combined Arts Ball held at the Kam Ling Restaurant last Saturday. The ball was sponsored by the Hongkong Art Club. (Staff Photographer)



FRIENDS of Mr and Mrs P. C. S. Daveson at the christening of their daughter, Philippa Romaina, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: Lady Airey presenting the Neath Shield to T.R.R. Burton, captain of the 7th Royal Tank Regiment team, who won the Neath Darts Tournament by beating the RAF at the NAAFI, Kowloon, on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Thorold, wife of Commodore A. H. Thorold, congratulates a young Serviceman who won a prize at the Forces dance held at the Hongkong Women's International Club. (Staff Photographer)

LEFT: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Alexander Grantham, visited several Kowloon schools last week. Here, at the Diocesan Boys' School, he listens to a boy in one of the junior classes answering a geography question. (Staff Photographer)

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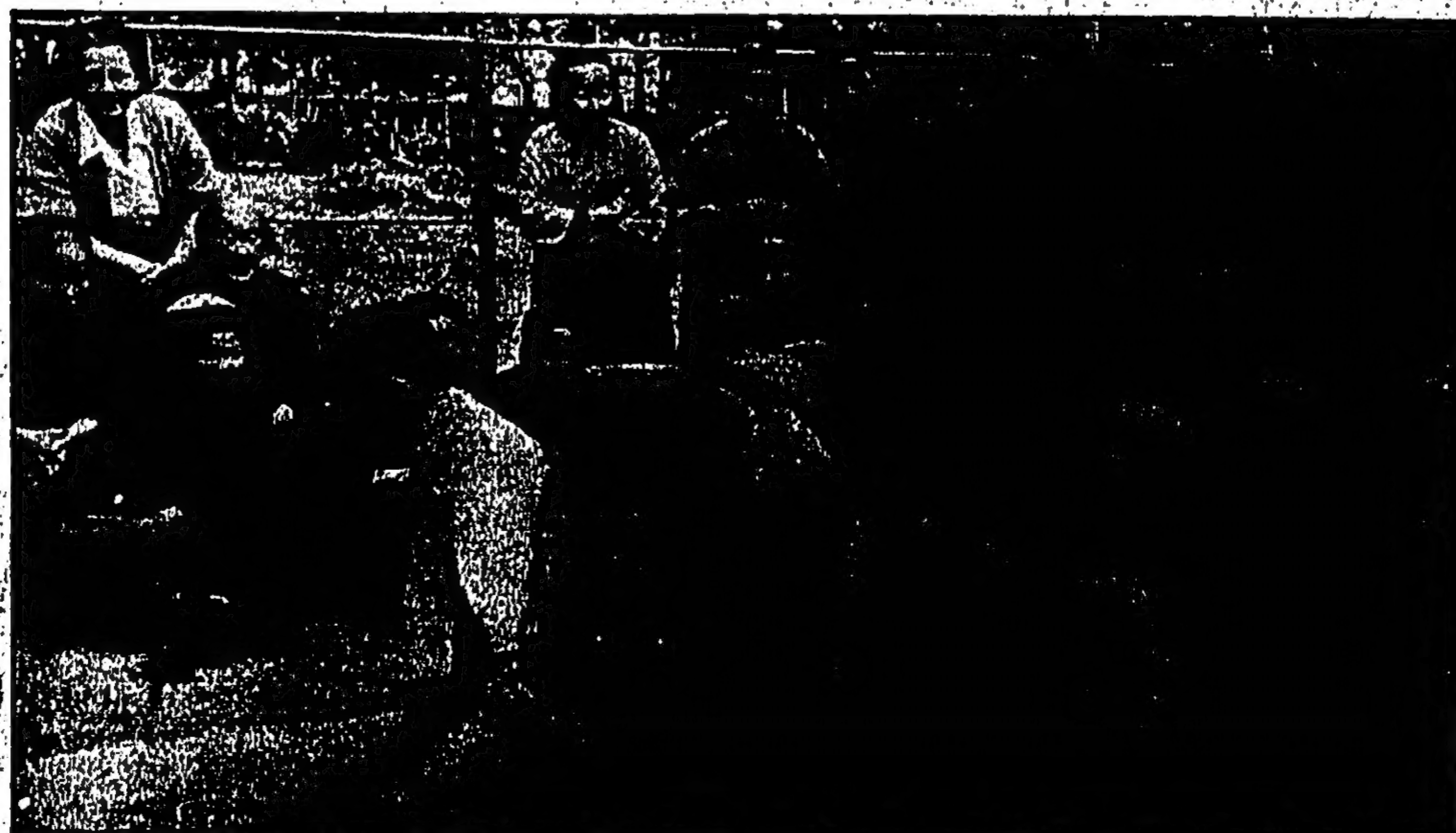


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CHILDREN from several boys' and girls' clubs went to the Market for the Aid of Neathshire on Thursday. In the foreground, the children are looking at a map of the world, and in the background, they are looking at a book. (Staff Photographer)

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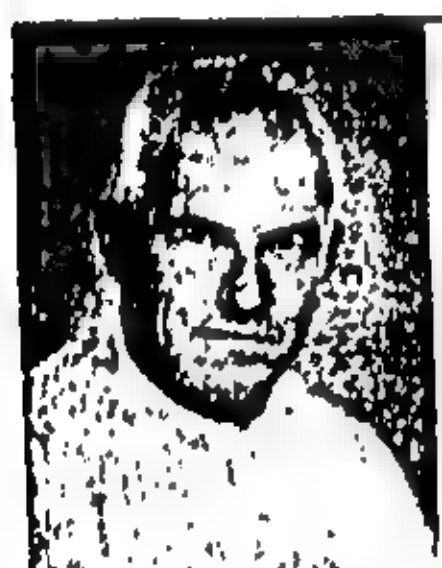
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Make it in future lace on velvet, cocktail dress, or frosty white shawl with admiral's cuffs, laced cuffs, button-up, cardigan. For a garden party dress, make it as multi-layered collar and here how:

Always throw the main switch before tampering with any electrical equipment, in modern fuse boxes this is automatic because the cover cannot open until this is done.

to cover all hospital bills — a price range the average family can afford," she said.

Trick of the Chef

Add thin-sliced carrot roots when cooking fresh, or frozen.

Baking soda can be used as another small grease fire

"I also would be a fine wife of providing a son with wedding trip, a down payment on a home or other wedding gift," Mrs. Rakew said.—Union

BRUSSELS NEWSLETTER

Leopold's Princess Kills The Slanders

From Sam White

BRUSSELS. There is an excellent reason why ex-King Leopold and his wife, the Princess de Rethy, have left Brussels for a four-month tour of South America.

The visit is timed so that Leopold will be out of Belgium during the country's general election next month. It is a tactical move designed to remove any suspicion of political interference on his part and leaving the field clear for what will be the delicate post-election task of cabinet-forming, to his son, King Baudouin.

Actually, such has been the improvement in the climate of opinion around the royal family that this display of tact is no longer necessary. In fact, this will be the first general election in Belgium since the war in which "the royal question" and Leopold's wartime conduct will not be an issue, not even a minor one.

It is interesting to see the way Belgians are coming to respond more and more to Princess de Rethy's charms. Weekly papers now frequently publish her photograph and she must be one of the most naturally photogenic women in the world. A periodical which publishes the first intimate account of life at Laken Palace achieved record sales, and a new sympathy for her by giving a true account of her background and wartime renunciation with Leopold.

A STATE VISIT

The old politically inspired slanders are dying hard but they are dying. Only a handful of Palace advisers remain jittery.

As the old hatreds fade away, the life of the royal family changes. Baudouin is displaying more self-confidence and showing a newly acquired geniality in public. Once only happy in the family circle, he is now broadening his circle of friends.

Preliminary discussions are now going on preparing a State visit to London for him as soon as a suitable date can be arranged.

After her return from the South American tour the Princess de Rethy is likely to take up some official post, such as head of the Belgian Red Cross. Leopold himself spends most of his time engrossed in his favourite study—mathematics.

PROGRESS REPORT

How goes it with Peter Townsend? Here is a progress report on the 30-year-old Group Captain, whose transfer from the Royal Household to the British Air Attache's post here created so much speculation six months ago.

At the Embassy itself, Townsend is the victim of elaborate "security" precautions.

His address and telephone number are a secret and even senior Embassy officials find they cannot get through to him directly. Instead, their inquiries are handled by a secretary who rings back with Townsend's reply.

Not only are his hosts at private parties carefully vetted but so is the guest list. Embassy staffs have strict instructions not to discuss him with outsiders.

One of the Embassy's complaints is that at official ceremonies, Press photographers forget about the other dignitaries and concentrate on Townsend.

"Jolly embarrassing to the Ambassador, that kind of thing," one diplomat commented to me. Jolly.

At present Townsend is "catching up on some leave." He is spending three weeks in Luxembourg, where he is the guest of new-found friends, the U.S. Minister to Luxembourg, 30-year-old Mr. Wiley T. Buchanan, and his attractive wife.

Buchanan, who replaced Perlo ("Call Me Madam") Mesta in the post, comes from an old Texan family.

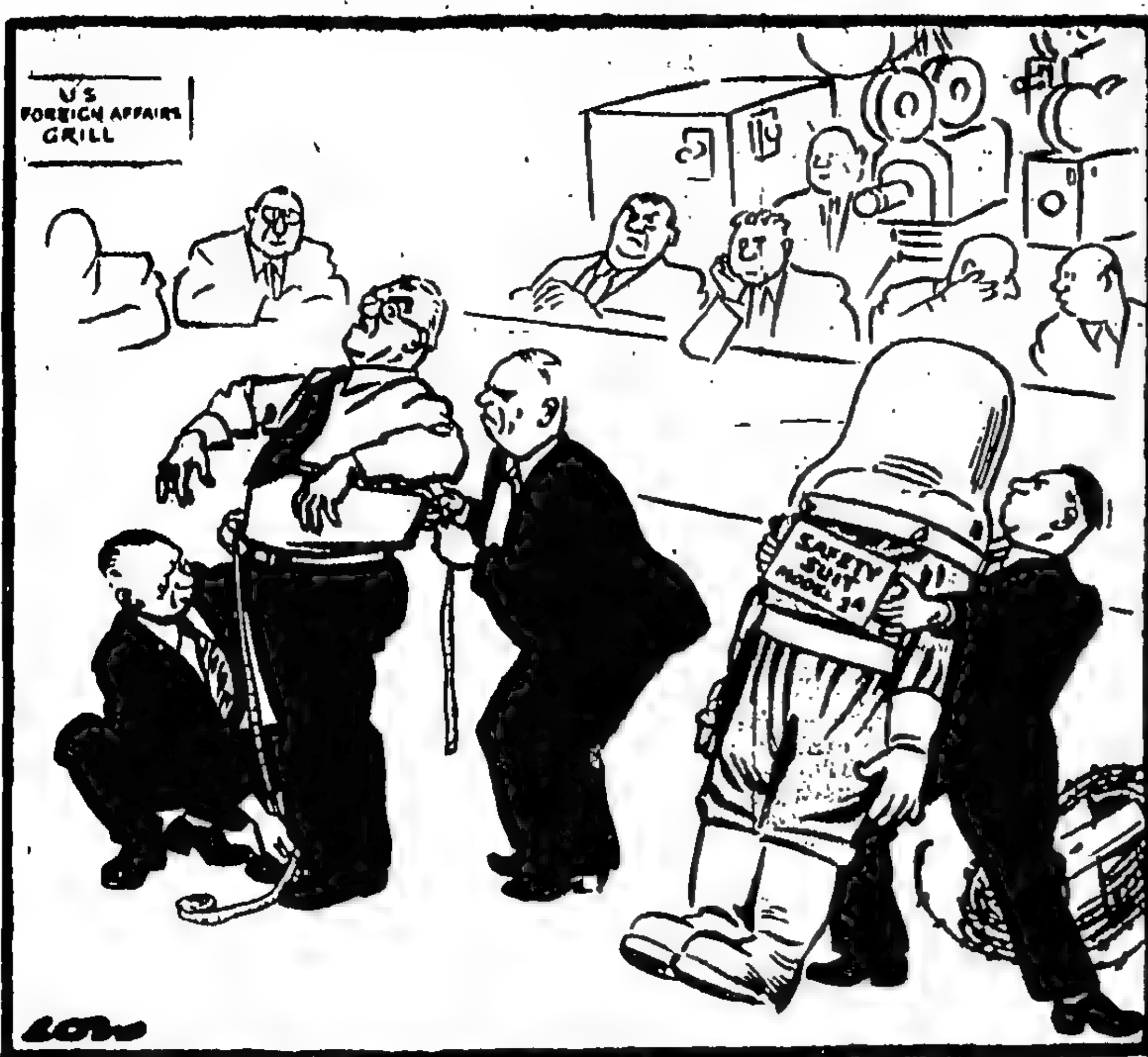
HORSE-RIDING

This is his first diplomatic post. The Buchanans first met Townsend only six weeks ago at a diplomatic reception in Luxembourg.

Shortly after that Townsend became a regular week-end visitor to the Minister's residence, spending his time at his and the Buchanans' favourite sport—horse riding.

In Brussels Townsend rides almost every evening at the fashionable riding club Elites Belges, and this habit, which provoked rumours of a romance between himself and one of the club's proprietors, the Dutch Countess Alice van Limburg.

The Countess is 42. She is one of the best horsewomen in Europe and it is no discount to say that Townsend's interest at the time was evenly divided between her skill and her horse, Tobillion, which he frequently borrowed.



PREPARATIONS FOR MEETING CHINA

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There's Money Among The Icebergs

By JAMES WICKENDEN

Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. MIST clung to the Antarctic sea, muting the waves washing from the Blue whale's back. It breathes out noisily, to send up a plume of condensed vapour into the frozen air.

The cold does not strike below the foot-thick layer of blubber. Its half-ton heart pounds red blood as warm as man's, and with a flourished tail-fluke it increases speed.

The hundred-ton body, larger than any other creature, soon reaches twelve knots. A shoal of plankton crosses its path. The great nunu opens and a three-ton tongue sweeps in a hundredweight of food.

Some miles away, looms a tall funnel, rust-streaked and salt-caked. The crew of the 150-foot whale chaser have forgotten the bleak shanty town with its pools of decaying whale and one cinema on South Georgia Island.

All eyes strain through the fog. Suddenly it clears. From the crew's nest comes the cry:

"Hvalblaast!"

FULL SPEED

The Norwegian lookout's voice whips away in the freshening breeze. The crew look eagerly towards the shape momentarily awash sixty cables' length's away on the port bow.

The engine telegraph clangs. The harpooner runs down the cat-walk from the bridge to the squat gun in the bows. The radio man turns on the "blower" and whistling static garbles his voice, reporting back to the factory ship.

The whaler heels at full speed. The harpooner swivels the gun one way, then another, to take aim. After a tense moment, the cannon roars, and the heavy harpoon snakes out on its six-inch manilla line.

It thumps into the whale and the sea boils crimson as the harpoon head explores. From the rattling winch, like a fisherman's reel, the line runs up the mast and out, bar-taut, to the giant.

The mast bends under the strain. But the whale is soon alongside to be inflated to keep it afloat and then set adrift to be picked up later.

So another whale of the 10,000 or so killed in the annual six months' season is caught. Most of this catch comes from the three species still hunted: the Humpback, the Fin and the Blue whale.

They have lasted through the nine centuries of serious whale hunting because they live amidst the pack ice in the hitherto inaccessible South Seas.

FIRST TO GO

The other five species which have been hunted are now almost extinct.

First to go was the "Right" whale, hunted since the 12th century. The Basques built watch towers on the coast to give warning of their approach.

When they were driven from Europe's shores, ships of 100 tons set off to hunt the Greenland whale. By the 17th century it too had become scarce.

Then America joined the hunt. Soon the Sperm, the Southern Right whale and the Pacific Grey whale were decimated.

A reason for their virtual extinction is their slow rate of breeding. A female produces only one offspring every two years or so.

In the summer, the baby whale—a Blue whale baby may be 20 feet long at birth—is taken along with the school of whales from the warm waters of the tropics to the cold Antarctic regions.

There, tiny shrimp-like plankton, the whale's food, abounds. But some whales go for bigger game.

The Killer whale attacks any living thing on the surface of the sea, including birds. The Sperm whale favours the giant deep-sea cuttlefish.

GOOD BRAINS

"Sounding" to great depths, the Sperm seeks out cuttlefish which may be anything up to 40 feet across extended tentacles. Although the Sperm usually wins, great whales commonly found on it testify to its titanic struggles.

For all their size whales have well developed brains, and they can hear acutely, although each ear is no bigger than an apple. They are sunk in the whale's head well beneath the blubber.

Blubber, which provides oil, is the fatty coat grown by the whale after a short time in the

cold on plentiful diet of the Antarctic. It may grow to any-thing between six to twenty inches deep.

It is the fact of the whale having to breathe, like all mammals, which gives the whaler their chance.

After the whale has spent ten minutes or so at about 600 feet under the sea, it rises to take two or three breaths before slipping up its tail and "sounding" again.

In these brief moments on the surface the whaler's shoot and reap a catch earning the gunner up to £5,000 a season. Whales provide not only oils ideal for high altitude lubrication, but vitamins, insulin, enzymes, ingredients for the French perfume industry, durable whale ivory and the best seeds for poultry.

The Blue whale may give 28 tons of oil, the greatest yield of all. The Humpback comes next with less than half this amount and then the Fin, which gives about a quarter of the Blue whale's output.

The value of the annual catch runs at about 165 million pounds. This is realized through the efficient organization of the factory ships which process the dead whales.

FACTORY SHIP

On arrival at the factory ship the whale is manoeuvred tail first to the slipway in the stern. Here a ten-ton grab controlled from half-a-dozen winches clings tight and hauls the whale aboard.

The flensers with long keen knives on handles slit along the blubber and cut it into sections. The pieces are thrust down gaping holes in the deck to the oil boilers by the blubber boys. Bone sawyers using circular power saws cut the bones.

The scene is like a giant slaughter house. Fumes and stench rise from the boiler holes. The flensers clamour like midgits over the carcass.

Blood swirls the deck. The clanging of implements mingles with shouted orders. Overhead swing wires carrying pieces of whale, sopping and gory, to other processing plants.

Nothing is wasted, except the bone or whalebone—once the main commodity used in the corset trade—and stomach organs.

It is a tough, dangerous trade, and relentless. But the days of indiscriminate killing are gone. Today, hunting is strictly controlled by an international committee at Sandefjord in Norway.

Large areas of sea are marked off as whale sanctuaries. Certain types must not be killed and females and their young are forbidden targets. On each factory ship inspectors keep watch to see that whales live on in the South Seas.

And they still do. Moby Dick—Melville's name for the largest whale of all—has been sought by all whalers since the days of hand-harpoons, and he has still to be found.

AN ENGLISH ACCENT WOULD SUIT THE OIL PLAY

Frederick Ellis goes exploring deep in the heart of a boom-land

A BELL hop who took my bags up to my room started talking oil. Since then I have heard little else.

For Edmonton and its sister city, Calgary, are the capitals of this fabulous rich oil basin that stretches for more than a thousand miles, containing wealth as yet beyond calculation.

Both are boom towns, but the frothy, heady days of the boom, when you could make a fortune overnight, are over, with some sadder, wiser, and often poorer men.

Calgary's tiny but modern stock exchange is a good barometer of the oil boom. In 1953 the sky was the limit, with a £17,000,000 trade in oil shares which rocketed daily.

Last year the trade slumped to under £6,000,000. Oil companies mushroomed overnight and still do in colourful places like Toad Lake and Nig Creek.

Flying between the twin oil towns you see hundreds of oil wells seeping black gold that last year was worth a record £62,000,000.

It hoisted oil to the top spot among Canada's mounting mineral riches for the first time.

Gas too!

THIS rich Albertan farming land, which crops both above and below in the very heart of Canada's Roaring Fifties, the start of an era of prosperity that will stagger men. Canada bubbles with untold and as yet untapped wealth. They have only scratched the surface of this oil-sodden Western Canada.

With the oil comes gas, natural gas trapped thousands of feet below the ground. Yet all that can be done with it now is to burn it to waste, thousands of pounds' worth a day.

By each well is a yellow candle of flame, flickering plumes as far as the eye can

see. From the air at night it looks like a gigantic city, as nature's wealth goes up in the smoke, leaving a pall over the plains.

The cities that cry for this fuel are thousands of miles away to the east—Toronto, Montreal—the Canadians, whose attitude to money is "What's a million?" are to spend £60,000,000 to pipe the gas to the cities. Thus will more of nature's bounty be enslaved to man and profit. This "oil play," as the industry calls the game, has become a battle of the giants. Gone are the days when a lone wildcatter went out to the plains to try his luck.

At best the little fellow, whose faith of yesterday proved the oil riches, can team up to seek oil and fortune.

But the big boys, the world's oil giants, headed also by the Americans, are pouring £30,000 a day into oil seeking.

A raffle

ALBERTA has yet to recover its breath from the Pembina affair a few weeks back. Then the Alberta Government raffled the oil rights of two chunks of land, each of 92,000 acres.

When the sealed bids were opened two American companies won the oil rights for £4,000,500 and £3,550,000.

And that was for unproved wildcat country with no certainty that oil would ever be found. The stakes in this game may be high, but the eventual jackpot is plenty if you strike it rich.

A tragedy of this wondrous oil land is that Britain has only a walking-on part in the play. The Shell Company, part-British, part-Dutch, is the most vigorous, spending a stack on oil winning, with search teams operating all over the land.

The Anglo-Iranian people now cautiously move into Alberta years late.

Timidly they have bought themselves into a tiny company. And in this land where loyalty to the "old country" is fever high, people passionately hope that Anglo will eventually move in its millions and its reservoir of technicians.

To bring bold and vigorous competition to the Americans who have creamed off the so far known wealth, Sir William Fraser, Anglo's boss, should suit brooding in his City office, worrying how he is going to get back into Iran.

He should come out to these icy plains of this exciting Empire oil land, even if the cold does get down to 40 below zero. He can be sure the Albertans will never kick him out, or steal his properties.

Not too late

INVESTMENT in Canada's raw material resources could do much to solve Britain's near-permanent dollar famine.

Even now it is not too late if only bold free enterprise will come forward with the courage and energy of the Americans.

There is no lack of enterprise shown by the Canadians. Men like Leigh Brinnell, a former bush pilot who pioneered an airline in Canada in the 'thirties, is forking over a million acres in the best-kind northern territories. It is a big gamble, but Leigh and his backers have the courage to take the risk for the returns will be enormous if they hit it rich.

Oh for men like Brinnell instead of the mandarins who sit in the luxury of the City 7,000 miles away. They would not let this great chance slip.

Millions can and have been made on these plains that flatten off from the Rockies. Men like Ric Harvey, one-time small-town lawyer in Calgary. Now they rate him one of Canada's richest men. He has made, they calculate, £5,000,000 sterling alone on oil leases, all since 1947.

For this is the land of opportunity.

Perhaps the best barometer of wealth is the shops of Calgary. Never have I seen a minkier town, with shop after shop offering mink at £1,330.

A choice Persian lamb sells for £200 with a common crown seal for £75. This is fur coat country with pay packets to match. A good "tool pusher," foreman of a drilling crew, can earn £300 a month and a labourer half that.

A Forecast

ALBERTA has always been a slightly crazy. The province adopted Social Credit way back in the 'thirties, when a crazy Englishman, Major Douglas, hawked the world's a political creed which promised every citizen £8 a month from the Government. On that promise the Albertans voted for Social Credit. They never did get that eight quid, but the Social Credit Government is still in power, a strong Right-wing party.

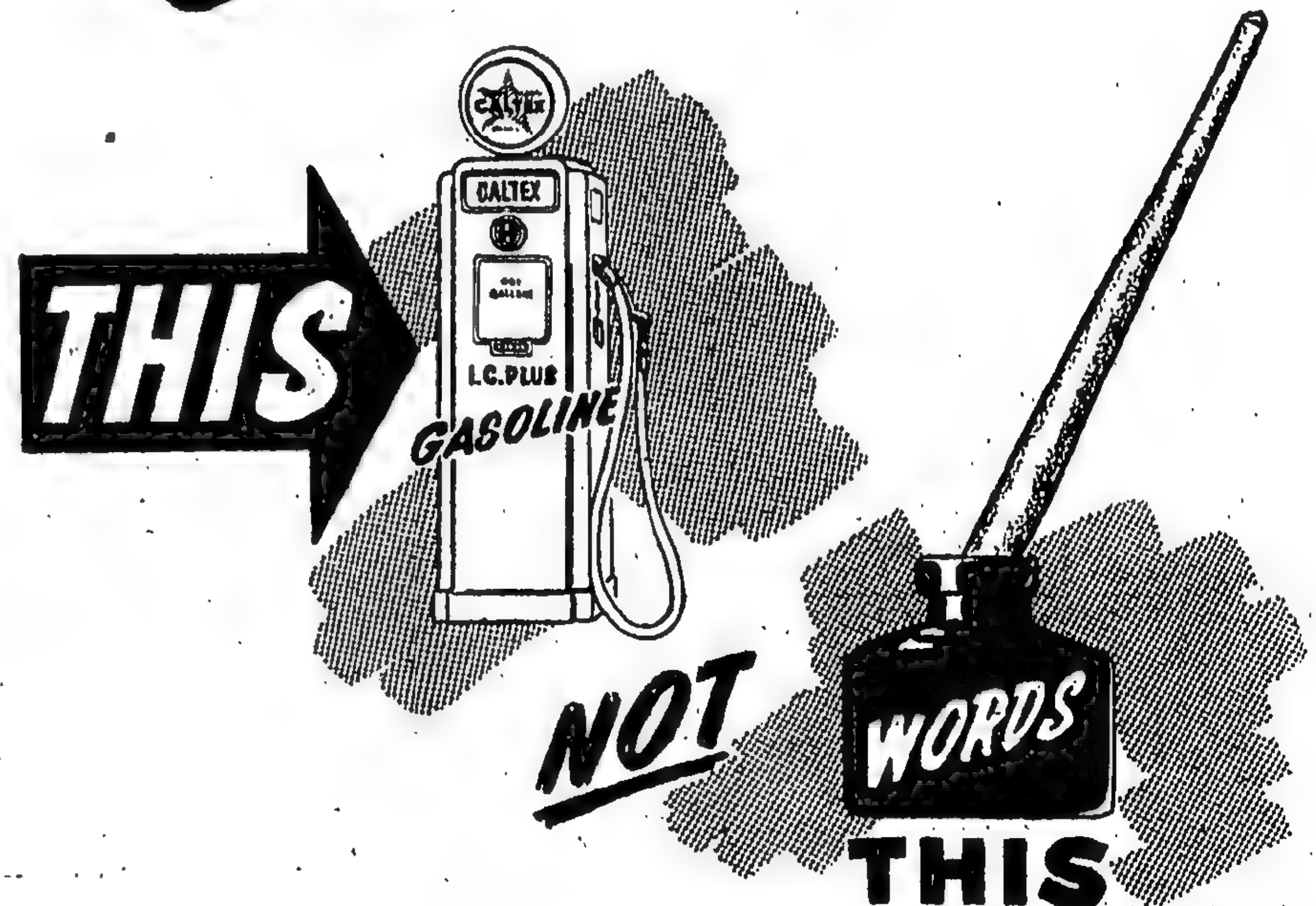
Yet the Government makes so much money out of oil it could almost meet its original Douglas obligations. It uses the money wisely, mainly on roads and other amenities.

Round Edmonton the lure of cheap fuel is pulling in other industries, with vast chemical plants, using equally cheap raw materials from oil, going up. Today Edmonton has but a population of 200,000. I forecast it will become one of the largest industrial cities in Canada during the next 20 years.

To any Briton contemplating emigrating to Canada, this is one of the spots to pick, but do not book a ticket unless you are prepared to work hard, accept vastly changed conditions than in Britain (some for the good, others for the worse) and above all do not expect to make an easy money fortune overnight.

For the streets of Edmonton are more often than not paved with snow.

Our line is...



ICC

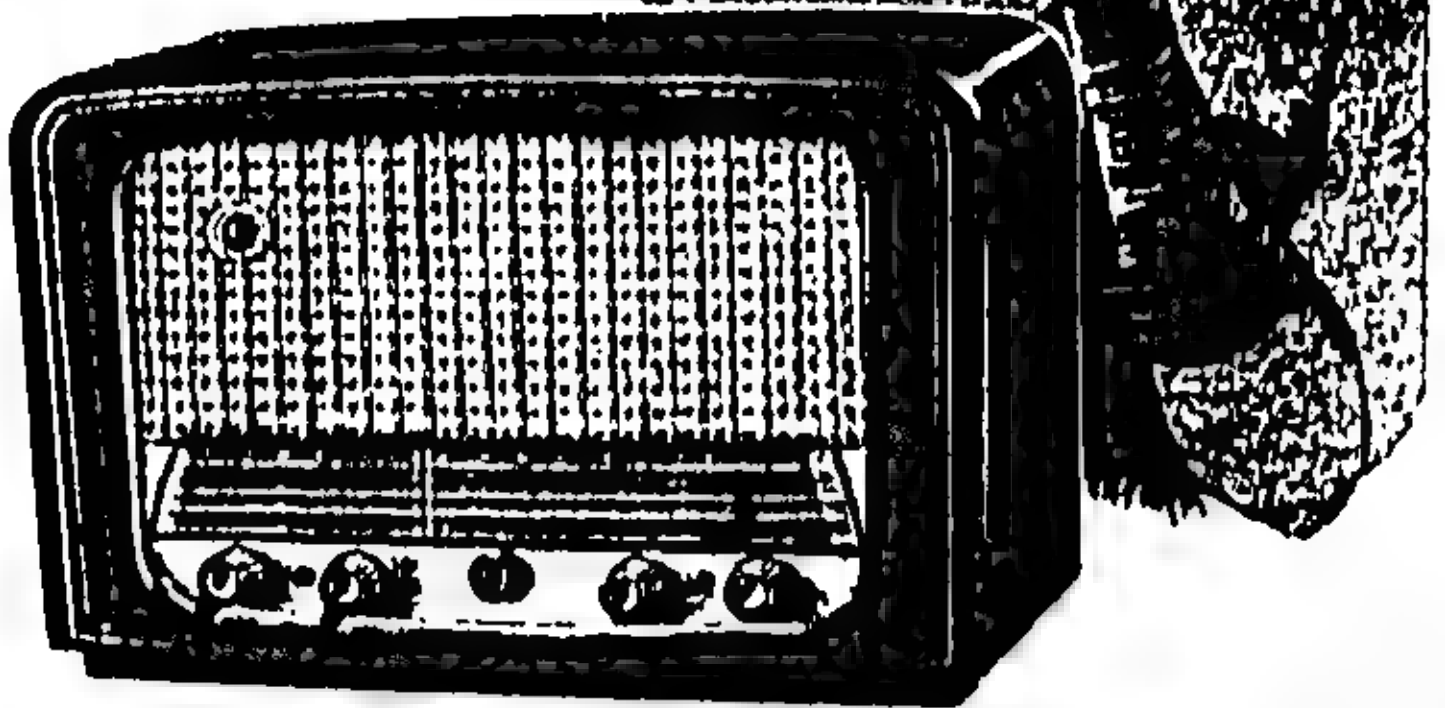
ICC (Ignition Control Compound) ... the new additive perfected by Ethyl Corporation, producers of Anti-Knock Treatments. Lead introduced 32 years ago, is now incorporated in CALTEX IC-PLUS Gasoline. This additive is the newest achievement of Ethyl Laboratories and is designed to prevent pre-ignition and spark plug fouling.

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- ... try IC-PLUS and judge for yourself—we know that your personal test will prove more to your satisfaction than a volume of prepared facts and figures.

IC-PLUS is an unsurpassed product ... that is why we conclusively state that no other gasoline in Hong Kong contains a superior additive.

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WILL FEEL
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The Siera SA 3052A has a beautiful wooden cabinet, though it belongs to the medium price class, the entire appearance of this set is out of the ordinary: the wood has been chosen with the greatest care, gold lines accentuate the style, the white knobs as well as the music eye contribute to the beautiful impression created by this Siera set. The performance is superb, thanks to extremely sensitive loudspeakers, built-in Ferrite aerial and new Noval tubes.

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HONGKONG KOWLOON

ARTIE'S HEADLINE



"Careful, Miss, it's slippery outside!"

PARADE

MOUNTAIN, TO MOHAMMED

Collette, France's favourite writer on love, couldn't get to the first night of a revival of one of her plays—so the play came to her.

Collette—her real name is Sidonie Gabrielle—is now 81, and she felt the outing would be too much for her.

To fill the gap, French TV set up a screen and a transmitter in her home, and five TV screens and another transmitter at the theatre.

Four of France's top writers filled in one of the intervals

with a two-day television interval.

A-BOMB FOR A WEATHERMAN

S. O. U. T. H. director of Africa's weather bureau, wants an A-bomb to help him make his predictions.

The connection is a little obscure.

Much of South Africa's weather comes from the Antarctic, and the weathermen want to set up a station on Bouvet Island, 1,600 miles south-southwest of Capetown.

And an A-bomb is the only thing which could clear the glacier which clutters up the site.

WHO CARES?

The Soviet Central Asian republic of Kirgiz has adopted a new spelling system—its fourth in 30 years.

In 1924, they took over the Arabic alphabet, only to scrap it five years later in favour of the Latin one because it was "more Western." By 1941, politics were getting a little hot and they tried the Russian letters. They're sticking to it, but they've worked a uniform spelling which will give a new look to most of the old words.

But hardly anybody cares. Most of the citizens of Kirgiz are illiterate tribesmen.

TOUGH SPOT

The referee of a match in Italy between Novaro and Torino thought fast when he saw hundreds of angry Novaro fans clustered around his dressing room.

Officials slipped him a policeman's uniform and some grease paint, and he escaped under disguise.

TOO SLOW

In Geraldton, Northern Ontario, reporters have finally tracked down the man who threw away a multi-million dollar fortune in the great Manitowadge copper strike.

He is Fred Bergquist, a tall, raw-boned, 200-pound Swede who staked out 15 claims, but didn't register them within the legal 30-day limit. On the thirty-first day, three other men moved in and re-staked the ground.

All three are now millionaires. Bergquist told the reporters he didn't have the \$75 necessary to register the claim. He threw the registration papers in the stove.

But he has since made a modest fortune out of other finds in the area.

THERE'S CASH in MISERY LIKE Mr. MAUGHAM'S

THE NEW BOOKS

by George Malcolm Thomson

THE MAUGHAM ENIGMA. Edited by Klaus W. Jonas. Pater Owen, 15s. 217 pages.

ON the threshold of his eightieth birthday, Somerset Maugham looks back, with an air of detached unhappiness, on a considerable achievement. He has written 98 short stories, 18 plays that he is willing to have remembered, another 12 which he would like to forget, and 18 novels.

His books have sold 25 million copies. He is said to have made three-quarters of a million pounds. He has the wealth that sweetens fame.

Some time after reaching the age of eight, Maugham seems to have decided that life offered little but misery to his children. As the years rolled by, life did little to disturb that judgment. Inoculated against illusion, he was all the better able to observe and ponder the conduct of men and women. However badly they behaved, they were unlikely to surprise, disappoint or captivate him.

Until he was eight he was brought up, as the youngest son of six, in a happy home in Paris, his mother a beautiful young woman, his father a very ugly man, the solicitor to the British Embassy. First his beloved mother, then his father, died; Maugham went to England to discover how cruel life can be to a small, lonely boy with a stammer.

Intending first to be a doctor, he went to St Thomas's Hospital, where (with whatever misgivings) he brought 63

babies into the world. Wanting £300 to buy presents for a girl, he wrote his first novel, "Liza of Lambeth." By the time it had earned the money he had forgotten the girl.

Writing steadily (three hours a day), and persisting in spite of failures, he became a fashionable playwright, master of artificial comedy and highly-polished epigrams, e.g., "It's not the seven deadly virtues that make a good husband, but the 300 pleasing amiabilities."

Of all the plays, "Our Betters" is probably his best.

When popular taste turned away from the glittering wares in his theatrical shop-window, Maugham philosophically wrote novels like "Of Human Bondage" which, published in 1915, was selling 12,000 copies a year 30 years later.

Whether from a cool heart or a shy temperament, he kept clear of causes, enthusiasms and doctrines. It was sufficient to watch life with a tortured smile. He married (1917); was divorced 12 years later; has a married daughter. He acquired the reputation of a misogynist without losing his reputation as a misanthrope. He travelled widely in the Far East where Europeans behave like characters in Maugham stories.

In the first war he was a British agent in Russia, in the second a British agent in America. Surprised by the German attack, he had left the Riviera in a small collier with 500 others. The passengers had been asked to bring food for three days; most of them brought it in bottles, and the voyage to Gibraltar lasted a week. After this experience, Maugham went on to the United States.

Some of the articles gathered in "The Maugham Enigma" are American anecdotes dating from this wartime stay. Those who think Maugham rarely betrays feeling will be surprised by the moving last section of his speech when handing over one of his manuscripts to the Library of Congress in gratitude for America's hospitality.

Normally his writing is taut and competent in conformity with its owner's wary resolve not to be caught in the wheels of life: the style of one, who may be brilliant but finds it hard to be great.

Those who wish to see how near greatness Maugham can come will waste no time on the little-tattle of "The Maugham Enigma," but will reach for "Of Human Bondage" or a book chosen by Maugham to commemorate his 80th birthday—"Cakes and Ale."

One-Man Attack

A ONE-MAN attack on Mount Everest kept secret for two years is disclosed by the Swiss Foundation for Alpine Research in a new book "THE MOUNTAIN WORLD, 1953," edited by Marcel Kurz (Allen and Unwin, 25s.).

It was made by a Dane, R. B. Larsen, who entered Nepal and Tibet without permission in April 1951.

Without a white companion and with only seven sherpa porters, he took a short cut across the valleys and mountains of Nepal.

He was apparently going to attack the mountain by the South Col, the route taken by Sir John Hunt and his men last year. He was so discouraged by heavy snow that he crossed a 19,000ft. pass into Tibet to try it from the north side.

At the Rongbuk monastery, starting point of the British pre-war attempts, he was welcomed by the monks, who protected him from the Tibetan police.

He climbed 5,000ft. up the Rongbuk glacier and spent four days at the site of the British Camp Three while his supplies were brought up.

On May 7 he attacked the 29,000ft. snow-and-ice-covered north Col, and succeeded in pitching his tent on top at 29,000ft.

There his luck left him. His sleeping-bags could not keep out the wind. He had no equipment to melt the snow or heat his food.

His sherpas saw what sort of expedition this was going to be. They left him there.

The Dane had to follow the sherpas down. He then had to get out of Tibet and Nepal as quickly as possible.

He force-marched back along the route he had come by. If he had not climbed the mountain he has become the first man to attempt it from the north by starting from the south.

Who is Larsen? The Swiss Foundation wants to know. The story leaked out through Professor Krénák, of Darjeeling.

Library list

Flaming Janet, by Pamela Hill. Chances and Windus, 12s. 6d. 225 pages. A vigorous first novel, which strays to a little-frequented historical path: Scotland in the early sixteenth century. As her name implies, Flaming Janet is a Caledonian termagant, whom neither morals, king nor Church can control. She is founded on a historical personage, mistress of the tragic James IV.

The Private Dining Room, by Orden Nash. Demy, 8s. 6d. 146 pages. No living bard puts a bad rhyme to more telling use in the cause of satire than Nash.

The Last Barricade, by Mervyn Jones. Cape, 15s. 6d. 251 pages. Novel. From his house in a London suburb, the exiled president of a European country directs a struggle against the usurping dictatorship—and against his own family's loss of interest in the "Cause."

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Unsung Heroes

BY HARRY WEINERT



THE CHINA MAIL'S WEEKEND LOCAL SPORTS PARADE

L. M. MacTAVISH'S SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

An Excellent Suggestion

At the moment we are experiencing a wave of suggestions for the long term improvement of local soccer. Wherever football folks meet this, in one form or another, is a current topic and I have no doubt at all that it is a very healthy sign.

Some weeks ago I suggested that the time was now opportune for a representative side from the Colony to travel abroad. I am not the only one who thinks that this idea would have important beneficial results, but I have now received some very original suggestions on how to improve our soccer on the spot and I have selected from this week's post-bag a letter which I believe is worthy of consideration.

The letter comes from a sportsman who has recently arrived in the Colony from England and what he has to say is indeed original and constructive. Here, in part, is his letter.

Dear Sir,

I arrived in the Colony towards the end of last year and I have followed with interest the many suggestions that have been put forward for the general improvement of local football.

During the past year while on leave I watched a great deal of football in the United Kingdom and based on what I saw I would like to offer this suggestion to the powers-that-be here in Hong Kong.

Some of the best football I saw played was by the Services

representative sides and in conversations with officials I found that one of the biggest difficulties facing the Service officials is to find places in their teams for the young stars who are passing through their ranks on National Service. I believe this applies particularly to the Army and the RAF.

Many young stars get little opportunity to play in top class football due to this overload of talent.

Is it too much to hope that the Service Departments at home might be asked to post some of these brilliant youngsters to a place like Hong Kong which is trying so hard to help itself and where, apart from participation in good class football, they could also make a general contribution to the game out here?

Let nobody underestimate the standard of these young Service players for I watched the youthful Army side only recently beaten by Scotland's international team and I also saw them give a sound beating to more than one first class professional league side.

Maybe the Service chiefs in the Colony could be approached to help in this matter. If they succeeded they would certainly make the biggest single contribution to a local football improvement that has been made in a long time.

Good luck to your most interesting column,
Yours in sport,
CORINTHIAN

Well, there is, at least, one constructive suggestion. Obviously matters of high policy are involved but I believe it contains food for thought for

our local administrators. Surely it is worth a try.

A GRAND IDEA

The success of the two flood-light matches at the Club Stadium has started all sorts of ideas in people's minds as to how best the popularity of the innovation can be turned to the good of the game. I have personally heard several points-of-view on the matter but the most unexpected so far is the biggest of them all.

I hear that a group of public-spirited gentlemen are considering putting forward a proposal that the current 'Big Four' be banded together into a Flood-light League for charitable purposes and that each of the four clubs—South China, KMB, Kitehes and the Army—should meet each other once or twice according to the time available and that a suitable trophy

should be presented to the winner of the League.

There is no doubt that there is a very big public for an event such as this; similarly there is no doubt that top class matches would provide a rich financial harvest for deserving and needy charities; but whether the heavy programme of games that lies ahead would permit of such a scheme it is not for me to say.

It is certainly a grand idea and I hope that the people concerned produce their plans for the consideration of the local Football Association.

INTERESTING STAGE

The League programme has arrived at a very interesting stage and to the top team every game is fraught with danger, for one slip now could well prove disastrous to their Championship hopes.

This week-end will see some light thrown on the whole problem of potential Champions for the three of the top teams are in action and as two of these are in opposition to each other, points won will be doubly precious.

The big game on the programme is the clash at Caroline Hill this afternoon of South China and KMB. This is the sort of match that would have the Hollywood publicity writers in ecstasy with superlatives like 'Gigantic', 'Mammoth', 'Colossal' and there is no doubt that both sides apart this game promises to be one of the biggest things of our whole season.

Actually it is more than just a game. It is a real life football drama for defeat could well spell finish to the Championship hopes of either.

After the Army-Kitehes flood-light match the other night one of our football sages remarked to me that the team that lost this game would not win the Championship... and he could very well be right.

In common with many others I have been giving a lot of thought to the possible outcome of this game and make no bones about my opinion... on basic ability and playing versatility South China should win.

TAKE THE RISK

Now that I have committed myself I must—just as openly—admit that players like Leo Tai-fai and Szeio Man could, if they get half a chance, make me eat my words, and I take that risk because I don't think that the South China defenders, with Ko Po-keung back in his rightful place, will give them even that half-a-chance.

My only doubt is whether the Champions can turn their forward brilliance into goals but, with Chu Wing-wah right on top of his form to worry Chan Kar-sai, I think they will be able to get the goal that matters.

This will be a 'big occasion' and the final outcome may not hinge as much on ability as on temperament and a lot will depend on which side settles down first.

At the Club Stadium the Army has one of its most difficult games against the vastly improved Club and they will have to be right at the top of their form if they hope to collect both points.

The Club have added new names to their possible line-up and McGregor, the ex-RAF player who has just arrived back in the Colony may be available for this game.

The Army line-up is uncertain as Bennett and Buckley are both on the injured list and Longland has now sailed for home. The Soldiers cannot afford to drop another point if they are to remain on top of the League and whatever the line-up may be they will make a supreme effort to come out on the right side.

SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



WEEK-END SOFTBALL

SAINTS HAVE THE BEST PROSPECTS OF REGAINING THE SENIOR "A" PENNANT

By "SNOOPER"

After knocking out Jackie Wei's Pandas by 6-5 last Sunday, Jindoo Hussain's Saints now have the best prospects of regaining the Senior "A" Pennant — and judging by the way Mak Kwong's Chinese Athletic Association ballplayers were outclassed 7-1 by Ed Carvalho's Braves, the Saints might lift the Championship without seriously trying for it.

But the Saints must win this Sunday's tussle against the CAA to make sure of the Pennant and with this victory they can afford to drop the remaining League game to the Braves next week.

The Chinese Athletic Association, only a game behind the leaders, the Saints, should win their remaining fixtures against South China and the Braves without much difficulty, and the one game that could shatter all the CAA's hopes of annexing the Pennant for the first time to earn a trip to Taiwan is the one tomorrow.

COUNCIL'S DECISION

It was a big disappointment to the many softball fans when Bill Gilva's Delawareans walked into the final round of the Senior "B" with lifting their bats as the Wildfires failed to field a full team for the eagerly-awaited clash between two good ball teams last Sunday.

Because of the big differences in the Americans and the Pandas' chances in this division, an explanation was given to the Council of the Hong Kong Softball Association by the Wildfires that seven of their ballplayers were on regimental shooting last Sunday.

The Council, after lengthy deliberation, ruled that the game between the Delawareans and the Wildfires be played off this afternoon. The outcome of the tussle will have a strong bearing on the Delawareans' prospects of qualifying for the Final Play-off Series.

In all likelihood the Wildfires are capable of springing a surprise. A setback will jeopardize all the Delawareans' hopes of meeting the Americans and the Pandas in the final.

An additional attraction on Sunday's programme will be the play-off game between Bob Suzman's Americans and Jimmy Herrick's Pandas and should the Delawareans go down to the Wildfires today the Americans-Pandas tussle will be looked upon as the decisive one for the Senior "B" Pennant. Both teams have to date dropped three games.

Luck ran out on pitcher Daniel Remedios last Sunday against the University. He was the victim of a nine-run spree by the undergrads and it was the wonderer who down to the Wildfires quickly yanked him and had him transferred to the outfield post.

Relief pitcher Jack Bordwell pitched admirably to pave the way for an excellent American victory. Catcher Mario "Red" Pereira can always be counted on for a good show and in the end the Americans will be well served by Claude Pugh, Armstrong, Jack Carvalho and John Heldemann.

A Pandas' victory must come from the pitching performance of Jimmy Herrick and the batting prowess of E. Tso, T. Wu, K. C. Ho, P. Yen and T. Chang. Americans' heavy hitters include Heldemann, Wheeler, Armstrong and Carvalho.

LADIES' SERIES

If Dolly Norman's red-shirted Colleens gain the Senior Ladies' Pennant this season, and they should after all the scrambling of recent weeks, they will do well to look back on Sunday's game with Terry Norman's champion Wahooks and give thanks to shortstop Antonia Remedios. For Antonia was the player of the day.

Pearl Chang's Pandarinas, who met the Colleens in the deciding game on Sunday, seem to have hit a slump and unless pitcher May Wu is back in her magnificent form, Pandas' chances of regaining the Senior Ladies' Pennant are slim.

In the Junior League, the Wahooks "B" and the Chinese Athletic Association should provide an interesting game. Virgie Ribeiro's Wahooks should repeat their winning performance.

TODAY'S GAMES

Three Junior League games are billed for this afternoon, the best game being the Pandas and the PI Dodgers return encounter. The Pandas, two games behind the leaders, the Chinese Athletic Association, should not be seriously challenged.

The Comets, who have functioned well as a team, are given an edge over the 25 Gunners. Prominent Gunners' batters who are in the running for the Batting Championship are A. Fuller and F. Wadsworth.

The Rookies and the Cubs will be all out to collect a badly-needed point. Better fielding on the part of the Rookies should see them come through.

HOW THEY STAND

Senior "A"				
	P	W	L	Av.
Saints	12	10	2	.833
CAA	11	8	3	.727
Pandas	11	7	4	.636
Braves	11	7	4	.636
US Navy	12	5	7	.417
Warriors	12	4	8	.333
SCAA	10	3	7	.300
Roxes	11	1	10	.091

Senior "B"				
	P	W	L	Av.
Pandas	10	7	3	.700
Americans	10	7	3	.700
Delawareans	9	6	3	.666
Wildfires	9	5	4	.555
PI Dodgers	10	4	6	.400
HKU	10	0	10	.000

Junior League				
	P	W	L	Av.
CAA (1)	14	13	1	.928
Pandas	14	12	2	.857
PI Dodgers	14	9	5	.642
Maumaus	13	7	6	.538
Comets	13	6	7	.461
CAA (2)	13	4	9	.307
25 Gunners	12	3	9	.250
Rookies	12	2	10	.166
Cubs	14	2	12	.142

Ladies' Play-off Series				
	P	W	L	Av.
Colleens	3	3	0	1.000
Pandas	1	1	0	1.000
Wahooks "A"	2	0	2	.000

Junior				
	P	W	L	Av.
South China	2	2	0	1.000
Wahooks "B"	2	1	1	.500
CAA	1	0	1	.000

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT TO HONGKONG MOTORISTS

Gasoline Additives

We wish to state categorically that I.C.A. (Ignition Control Additive) is fully patented and protected by Shell and cannot be imitated by any other company.

The following facts speak for themselves:

- 1) Shell have obtained patent coverage, not only on I.C.A. but on a complete range of related chemicals comprising all those as effective as I.C.A.
- 2) Shell alone have given the exact chemical nature of their new gasoline additive (I.C.A. incorporates Tricresyl Phosphate).
- 3) Shell have demonstrated before the press and public in Hong Kong the precise action of their additive on motor car engines. Further conclusive demonstrations will be arranged at Shell House for anyone interested.
- 4) Shell will gladly produce, for your inspection, facts and figures from their research work, which will prove beyond any doubt the exclusive effectiveness of Shell with I.C.A.
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In conclusion, we ask you not to be misled by unsupported claims for unspecified additives; and to prove to yourself, by the Two-Tankful Test, that only Shell with I.C.A. gives your car smoother and more efficient running.

Issued by The Asiatic Petroleum Co., (S.C.) Ltd.

POP



Axle to grind



Don't risk your sight—it cannot be replaced.

SPORTRAIT



SPORTS
EXTRA!

CHAPTER TWO in the exclusive football story of GIL MERRICK, England's ace goalkeeper.

Here's a tricky point. Where should right back go when corners are being taken on the right wing?

Some teams have the right back standing behind the goalkeeper beyond the far post as the winger prepares to take the corner and, as the goalkeeper moves towards the ball, the right back slips into a position on the goal line a yard or two from the post.

In the Birmingham team, except on certain occasions, we have the right back off the line and within striking distance of the opposing left-winger, thus ensuring that every man is marked before the kick.

Some teams who make a point of keeping the right back on the line forget to arrange for the left winger to be marked, and if he is a quick thinker he has every chance of making himself a goal-scorer.

One of the occasions when we at Birmingham changed our tactics and did have both full-backs on the line was against Tottenham Hotspur in the sixth round of the FA Cup, second replay, at Wolverhampton last season. There was a very good reason for the switch of tactics.

In the first two games against Spurs our left-back Ken Green closely marked Spurs right-winger Sonny Walters for left-wing corners because we knew both the Tottenham wingers made a practice of running round the back of the defence to meet corners in an unorthodox surprise move.

It was discovered in the first two ties against Spurs that this move was not in fact so dangerous as the lofted corner hit just outside the six-yard line for Bennett and Duquemin, who were particularly good in the air.

These players were going up, beating our defence in the air and trying to head the ball through in the angles of the woodwork.

Duquemin, in fact, did succeed in scoring in this way in the first replay at White Hart Lane.

DANGER CHECKED
As a result of this we decided to bring Ken Green back on to the line to check the danger of these headers near the posts. At the same time, remembering the threat of Spurs' roving wingers, Walters, we arranged for our left-winger, Billy Wardle, to come back and mark and chase Walters in the penalty area when his fellow-winger, Medley, was taking flag kicks.

When Walters' turn to take corners then our right-winger, Jackie Stewart, came back and marked Medley.

Spurs did not succeed in scoring a goal against us from a corner in the third match.

Low-hit corners which, as far as I know, were introduced by Manchester United a few years ago, are fast becoming a popular move.

It was Delaney and Mitten, the United pair, whom I first saw try this move out in 1948.

Delaney took the corner and hit the ball about three feet off the ground and very hard.

OPEN SPACE
The rest of the United attack had taken our defence to the far post and beyond it, so there was more or less a large open space in front of the goal around the near post area.

As Delaney's kick came in the ball was about eight yards from goal when it reached a point level with the near post.

But just before Delaney took a stride to hit the ball, Mitten, who had been hanging around on the far post side of the field not showing the slightest interest in the game, suddenly raced across around the back of our defence and on to the ball and hit it on the volley, first time and slightly on the turn.

The ball simply flew like a rocket goalwards—but fortunately for us just outside the near post.

Low-hit corners can, I think, be divided into two distinct types: the Delaney type kick which calls for a forward dash for the ball under a pre-arranged plan, and the low kick smashed across the goal-mouth—Johnny Hancock and Jimmy Mullen of Wolves are very good at this—in which the wing forward is in the main seeking a quick deflection.

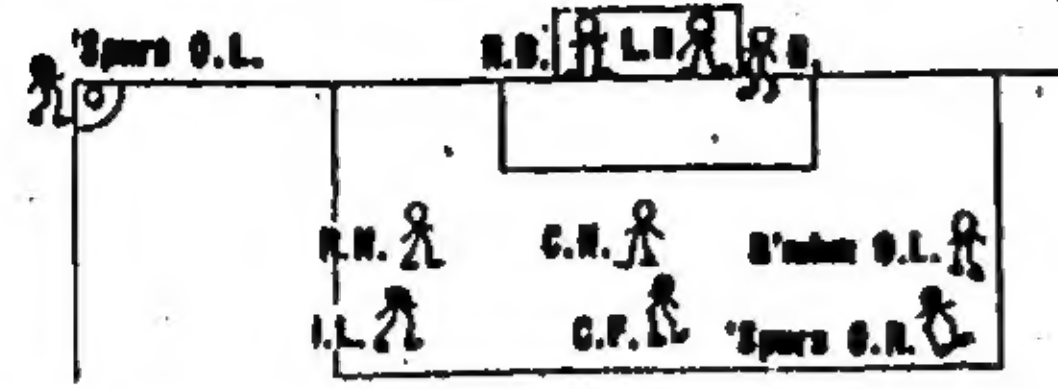
In the first case the ball is generally aimed at the angle of the six yards box, and a nominated forward makes a last split-second dash for the ball in a surprise bid move.

ONE SURE RULE
When the goalkeeper comes out to try to take the ball he must have no chance of reaching it because of the power of the kick. There is one sure rule. The goalkeeper, as soon as he realises he has to deal with the low-hit ball, in either of the two cases I have named, must get to the middle of his goal.

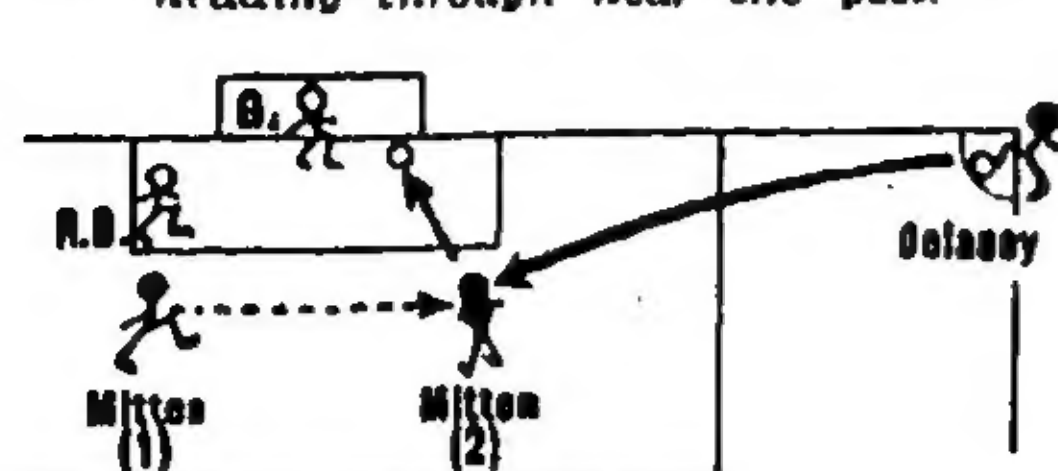
The reason, of course, is that from the middle he is better able to deal with the hard shot that he must expect to follow.

Going back to the first case he must look for the man making the run. It is all over in a flash, but at least the goalkeeper gets some point of focus, namely the meeting place of ball and forward.

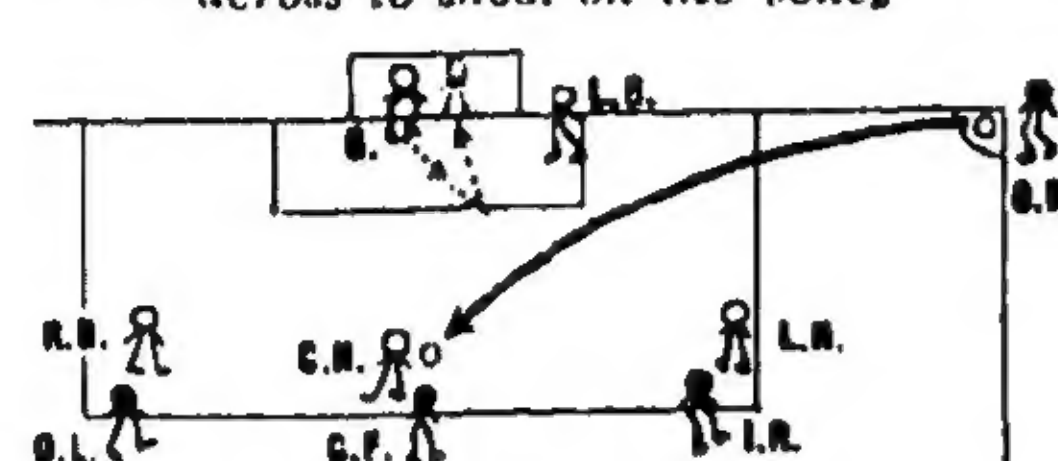
THREE CORNERS . . .



How Birmingham placed their field for 'Spurs' corner kicks in last season's Cup replay to stop Bennett and Duquemin heading through near the post.



The low-hit corner kick as practised by Manchester United, with Delaney hitting the ball hard and low and Mitten racing across to shoot on the volley.



The most dangerous high corner kick of all—the out-swinging which moves away from the goalkeeper as he comes out.

But the main thing, I think, is for the goalkeeper to expect a mistake, which keeps him on his toes and to watch the ball as closely as possible expecting a deflection which, if it comes, will probably be low.

As for the orthodox lofted corner, one sees it on 99 occasions out of 100 when flag kicks are taken. The golden rule with these lofted corners is, if the ball is in the six yards box it is the goalkeeper's ball.

I make a point of not moving to the ball until I am confident I know the line of flight and the approximate area where I shall be able to take the ball.

THREE PROBLEMS
I must decide whether the ball will do one of three things in its flight. It may be an away swinger—that is swinging away towards the centre of the field; an inswinger—move in towards the goal; or be a perfectly straight ball across the goalmouth.

The most dangerous of the three is the away swinger. The goalkeeper may have edged forward from his line a little and, indeed, if the ball has started to swing away late he may even have made his move.

But as soon as he sees the ball moving away from the six yards line and out of the area he must get back to his line as quickly as possible and not be tempted to chase the ball.

In the 1953 Wembley international between England and Scotland the Scots' inside forwards, Steele and Johnstone, worked a move against me that was most effective from their point of view.

As a corner kick was taken, either one of them, depending on which side the corner was gained, stood in front of me, but without touching me in my line of approach to the ball.

IT WAS CLEVER
And they moved again in front of me as I attempted to come out. Consequently I didn't get out properly for a corner in the whole of the game.

Of course, it was not a deliberate foul against me, and it was done in such a clever way that the referee could not call it as obstruction, but rather it was a tactical move on the part of the Scots' inside forwards to prevent me having a clear run with the ball.

—(London Express Service)

NEXT WEEK—HOW THE HUNGARIANS TRIED TO TRICK ME AT WEMBLEY.



London Express Service

ALEC BEDSER'S COLUMN

Neutral Umpires For Test Matches?

I notice an interesting suggestion that in future neutral umpires should be appointed for Test Matches. I assume the impartiality and fairness of the men in white is not questioned—otherwise I would be up in arms at once—but the idea aims at levelling and strengthening the all-round standard.

Any proposal which aims at improving cricket of any grade is worth discussing. In this instance I assume the Imperial Cricket Conference would choose a panel of the world's crack umpires who would then be available to officiate in any series in any part of the globe.

Thus two South Africans might well umpire in an Anglo-Australian series, or two Englishmen control West Indies v India.

The immediate reaction of many steeped in the traditions of the game would be thundering disapproval. After all cricket has enjoyed a reputation second to none for sportsmanship and Tests have been played for more than half a century without neutral officials being called in.

Yet cricket of the major sports is the only game where there is not an "outside" official in control. As I see it there is an immediate snag.

THE ONLY COUNTRY
England is the only country where there is a professional corps of officials and it would be asking a lot for a man to give up his time and leave his occupation for half a year and travel perhaps to the other end of the world to do the white coat.

It is one thing for a Dutchman to fly to Wembley to referee 90 minutes of a match between England and Hungary and to be asked a lot for a man to give up his time and leave his occupation for half a year and travel perhaps to the other end of the world to do the white coat.

Several Test umpires of my acquaintance have received bitter letters criticising their decisions. The umpire was 22 yards from the incident—and the viewer hundreds of miles away! One day I suppose viewers in England will watch a Test in progress in Australia. That might well be the time to introduce neutral umpires!

In any case I tip my cap to a great body of men who do an immense and difficult job for cricket.

ONE TARGET
I would stress one point. In any proposal for neutral umpires there is one target—a rise in the standard rather than any reflection on the integrity and fair-mindedness of umpires.

In my experience I have never known an international umpire to be anything but scrupulously fair and impartial. There are, however, odd points in the interpretation of laws

which could be smoothed out and an exchange of officials now and again would undoubtedly lead to an improved standard.

Is an umpire affected by his "home" crowd's enthusiasm? The thought struck me when one raised his finger which meant the dismissal of an Australian during a critical moment of a Test last year.

There was an instant roar from the huge crowd and an umpire must have been fully conscious of the part he played in that dramatic moment.

There are some officials in all lands who have the unfortunate outlook that they must take a full part in the proceedings. Fortunately the "actors" are well in the minority.

No, I do not think the "cracks" who officiate in Tests are caught up with infection of spectators' excitement. I think they do a great job and they make fewer mistakes than some would have us believe.

ADDED CHALLENGE
In England now they have the added challenge of television. I use the word challenge because the cameras are invariably focussed down the wicket. The umpire not only has to satisfy the players—and let's face up to it that is impossible—but the unseen millions watching on the screen.

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REG HORNE'S £300 PUTT AFTER A 5-MINUTE DELAY

Reg Horne, Hendon, one of the finest shotmakers in golf, was the first winner of a British major tournament—the £1,350 event at Moor Park in 1952—with the centre-shafted putter after it was made legal.

The £300 first prize all depended on his sinking of the final putt.

Says Horne: "In this 72-holes contest I faded shots in the Hogan manner and putted confidently to lead all the way. My rounds had been 67, 68, 68.

"On the last tee, however, I was jolted when in a winning position. My shot to the green struck a tree on the right, went out of bounds. Stroke and distance: I now played 8, not so good.

"My second ball finished 15 yards to the right of the pin. Quick calculations showed that I must get down in two shots from there to win from my nearest rival, Arthur Lees, home with a score of 277.

"Things were not eased when I had to wait more than five minutes for my partner, Bill Cox, to get a ruling about a plugged ball.

"Nevertheless, I was relaxed; had been so throughout.

"I now went through the motions with my putter. Here is my method. The blade is not allowed to open in the back swing.

"My chip stopped 8ft. from the pin. Down went the putt. I was home in 276. Never had I putted better!"

—JAMES GOODFELLOW

—(London Daily Express)

SEVEN-A-SIDES
START TODAY

By "PAK LO"

This afternoon brings the opening rounds of the "Seven-a-sides" and there are a total of 35 teams entered for the tournament. This is a knockout tournament and as each team loses so they drop out whilst the winner goes on to the next round.

The REME have entered a total of five teams, and the RAF have four. Quite a few of the other senior teams have entered three sevens. Each game takes 20 minutes, i.e. ten minutes each way.

The first game is at 1.30 p.m. between the RAF Hongkong "A" and the Welch "A". The final game between Club "B" and KGV School begins at 6.10 p.m.

It is, of course, at present impossible to pick out the winners or even the quarter-finalists as there are so many unknown quantities in the midst of all these teams, and some of them will be depending more on guile than on speed to see them into the next round. All the games for Saturday will be played on the Causeway Bay ground.

THE DRAW
1st Round (Saturday)
Wayfoong v. Welch "C" at 4.30 p.m.
REME Casuals v. RAF (HK) "B" at 1.50 p.m.
RAF (Kai Tak) v. HMS Crane at 2.10 p.m.

2nd Round (Saturday)
RASC "A" v. Police "B" at 2.30 p.m.
27th HAARA v. H.K. Signal Regiment at 2.50 p.m.
RAF (Kai Tak) "A" v. Tamar Tigers at 3.10 p.m.

RASC "B" v. REME Hornets at 3.30 p.m.
H.K. Police "A" v. 7th Royal Tank Rgt. at 3.50 p.m.
27th Lt. Bty. RA v. Stanley Garrison at 4.10 p.m.

RAF (HK) "A" v. Welch Rgt. "A" at 1.30 p.m.
HMS Newcastle v. 7th Royal Tanks "B" at 4.50 p.m.
Welch Rgt. "B" v. HQLF, RA at 5.10 p.m.

Boom Defence Depot v. REME Optimists at 5.30 p.m.
Old Crocks v. 72 LAA, RA at 5.50 p.m.
Club "B" v. KGV School at 6.10 p.m.

2nd Round (Monday)
HMS Dampier v. REME Exiles at 5.00 p.m.
Tamar Odds & Sods v. Club "A" at 5.40 p.m.
REME Wasps v. Winner Wayfoong v. Welch "C" at 5.20 p.m.

THE FIJIAN
Yesterday evening I saw the last appearance of the Fijians in the Colony until possibly next year when they may appear again as the contenders for the FARELE championship.

They have provided the Colony with plenty to talk about and a fine standard for good clean rugby in their two visits here, and we can only hope that will be the team which returns next year.

Not only their play but their fine sportsmanship has attracted the large crowds who have turned out to see them, and their singing both before the games and after has entertained many rigger fans.

Their long passing has certainly helped them to win games but now they have, of course, seen what a really determined tackling team can do to this open type of game.

Perhaps by next year they will have yet another idea which will win them more games. Every rigger fan has enjoyed their visit, and so on behalf of all rigger fans I say "Thank you and come again" or, to quote their own words, "Isiley!"

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—JAMES GOODFELLOW

—(London Daily Express)



To a man with a discerning palate, whisky is not merely 'Scotch'. He looks for the finer points and names his preference... White Horse. Every drop is perfected and matured until it is as fine a whisky as ever came out of Scotland. All good things have a name; in Scotch the name is White Horse.

White Horse Scotch Whisky

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THE HONG KONG JOCKEY CLUB

NINTH RACE MEETING

Saturday 20th March & Saturday 27th March, 1954.

(To be held under the Rules of the Hong Kong Jockey Club)

*THE PROGRAMME WILL CONSIST OF 19 RACES

The First Bell will be rung at 1.30 p.m. and the First Race run at 2.00 p.m. each day.

The Secretary's Office at Alexandra House will close at 11.45 a.m. each day.

MEMBERS' ENCLOSURE

THE 1954 SETS OF MEMBERS BADGES AND LADY'S BROOCHES WHICH ARE BEING ISSUED ARE NOT VALID UNTIL 1ST APRIL, 1954. THE 1953 SETS ARE VALID UNTIL THEN.

NO PERSON WITHOUT A BADGE WILL BE ADMITTED. All persons MUST wear their badges prominently displayed throughout the meeting.

Admission Badges at \$10.00 each per day are obtainable through the Secretary on the written or personal introduction of a Member, such member to be responsible for all visitors introduced by him.

Tickets will be obtainable at the Club House if ordered in advance from the No. 1 Boy (Tel. 72811).

NO CHILDREN will be admitted to the Club's premises during the Meeting. For this purpose a Child is a person under the age of seventeen years, Western standard.

PUBLIC ENCLOSURE

The price of admission will be \$3.00 each per day payable at the Gate.

Any person leaving the Enclosure will be required to pay the requisite fee of \$3.00 in order to gain re-admission.

MEALS & REFRESHMENTS will be obtainable in the RESTAURANT.

SERVANTS

Servants must remain in their employer's boxes except for passing through on their duties. They may on no account use the Betting Booths in the Members' Betting Hall.

CASH SWEEPS

The cost of a Through Ticket is \$38.00. Particular numbers within the series 1 to 4,000 may be reserved for all race meetings as Through Tickets. Such tickets will be issued consecutively only and the right is reserved by the Stewards to cancel any reservation for Through Tickets for a particular Meeting if it is found that sales may not reach the number reserved in the series 1 to 4,000.

Tickets reserved and available but not paid for by 10 a.m. on the day preceding the Race Meeting for which they are reserved will be sold and the reservation cancelled for future Meetings.

Tickets over 4,000 will also be issued consecutively but particular numbers cannot be reserved as Through Tickets.

The reservation of any particular number does not confer on the registered holder any rights whatsoever unless the ticket bearing the appropriate number is issued to and can be produced by the holder.

The Stewards reserve the right to refuse any subscription, also the right to remove any name from subscription lists without stating reasons for their action.

Cash Sweep Tickets on the last race of the 2nd Day (27th March) at \$2.00 each may be obtained from the Cash Sweep Offices at Queen's Building, (Chater Road), 5, D'Aguilar Street and 382 Nathan Road, during normal office hours and until 11.00 a.m. on that day.

Tickets for the Special Cash Sweep on the Hong Kong Derby scheduled to be run on 8th May, 1954, are now available. The cost of each ticket is \$2.00.

TOTALISATOR

Backers are advised not to destroy or throw away their tickets until after the "all clear" signal has been exhibited.

ALL WINNING TICKETS AND TICKETS FOR REFUNDS MUST BE PRESENTED FOR PAYMENT AT THE RACE COURSE ON THE DAY TO WHICH THEY REFER. NOT LATER THAN ONE HOUR AFTER THE TIME FOR WHICH THE LAST RACE OF THE DAY HAS BEEN SCHEDULED TO BE RUN.

PAYMENT WILL NOT BE MADE ON TORN OR DISFIGURED TICKETS.

Bookmakers, Tie Tac men, etc. will not be permitted to operate within the precincts of the Hong Kong Jockey Club.

By Order of the Stewards,
H. MISA,
Secretary.

LANDLORD & TENANT (AMDT.)

ORDINANCE, 1953.

SCHEDULE A

FORMS 1 & 2

Complete with Chinese translation

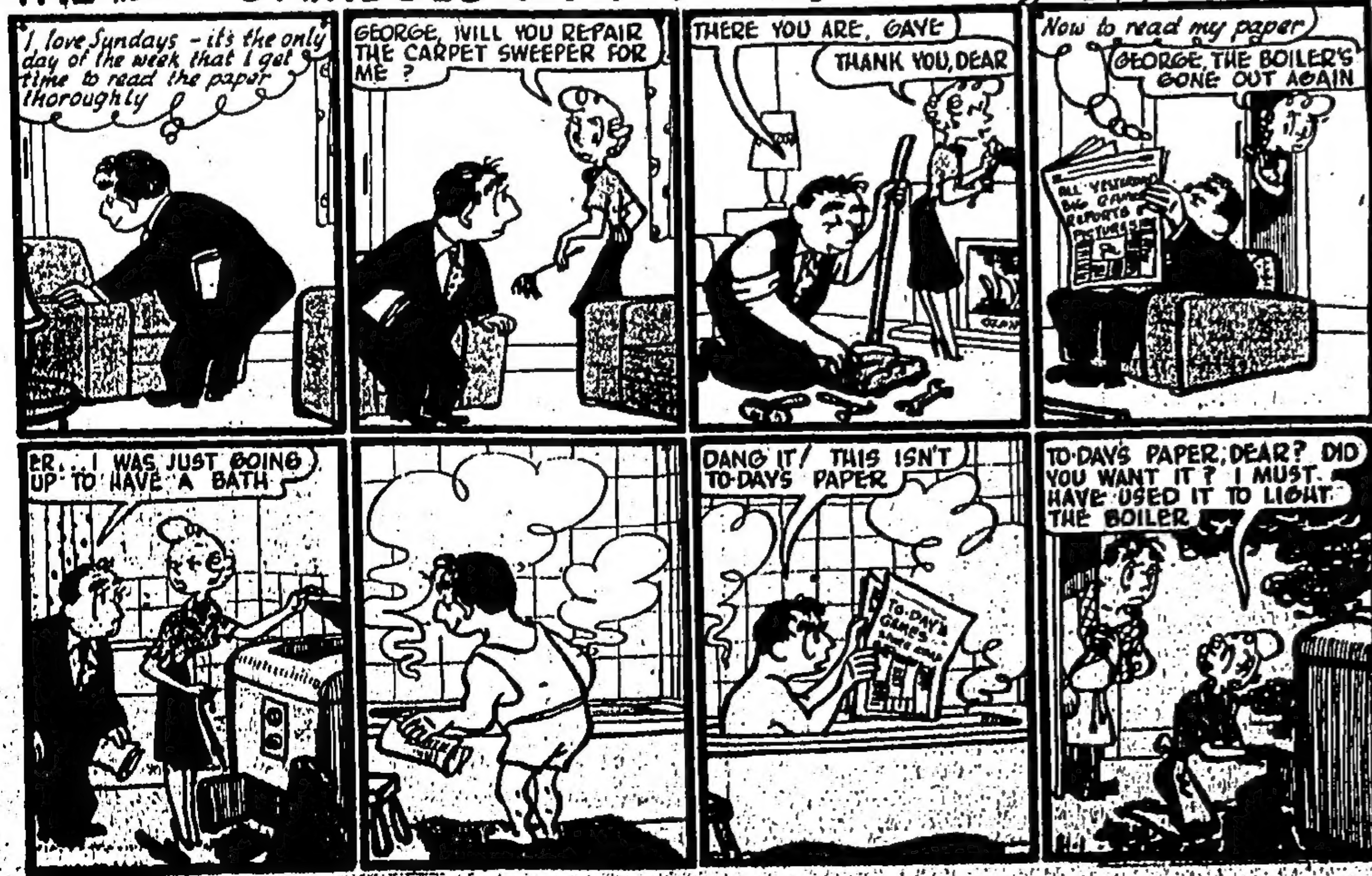
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . .

by Barry Appleby



POINT 32



A PACKET OF TROUBLE

for dirt.

Surf washes clothes cleaner

"My second ball finished 15 yards to the right of the pin. Quick calculations showed that I must get down in two shots from there to win from my nearest rival, Arthur Lees, home with a score of 277.

"Things were not eased when I had to wait more than five minutes for my partner, Bill Cox, to get a ruling about a plugged ball.

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—JAMES GOODFELLOW

—(London Daily Express)

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"SZECHUEN"	Singapore & Penang	Noon 14th Mar.
"FOOCHOW"	Yokohama, Nagoya, Osaka & Kobe	8 a.m. 15th Mar.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"SHENKING"	Keelung	7 a.m. 15th Mar.
"TOYANG"	Bangkok	11 a.m. 15th Mar.
"YUNNAN"	Shanghai	10th Mar.

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"CHANGSHA"	Rabaul, Sydney & Melbourne	5th Apr.
ARRIVALS FROM		
"CHANGSHA"	Kobe	28th Mar.

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	Leaves	Arrives
"AUTOMEDON"	Liverpool & Glasgow at A-4	14th Mar.
"ATREUS"	Liverpool & Dublin	23rd Mar.
"BELLEROPHON"	Genoa, Rotterdam, Amsterdam & Hamburg	24th Mar.
"PATROCLUS"	Marseilles, Liverpool & Glasgow	5th Apr.
"ALCINOUS"	Liverpool & Glasgow	13th Apr.

Scheduled sailings from Europe

	Leaves	Arrives
"PATROCLUS"	Liverpool	10th Mar.
"ALCINOUS"	Rotterdam	14th Mar.
"ANTILLOCHUS"	do	1st Apr.
"CYCLOPS"	do	7th Apr.
"PERSEUS"	do	13th Mar.
"LAOMEDON"	18th Mar.	22nd Apr.
"ANCHISEUS"	24th Mar.	2nd May
"CLYTONEUS"	3rd Apr.	8th May

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"DONA NATI"	do	do	19th Mar.
"MANGALORE"	do	do	19th Mar.
"AJAX"	do	do	2nd Apr.
"HAINAN"	25th Mar.	16th Apr.	16th May

SAILINGS FOR NEW YORK, via SAN FRANCISCO, LOS ANGELES, CRISTOBAL and JAPAN

	Leaves	Sails	Arr. H.K.
"BATAAN"	19th Mar.	24th Mar.	16th Mar.
"MUNCASTER CASTLE"	4th Apr.	5th Apr.	19th Mar.
"TELEMACHUS"	19th Apr.	20th Apr.	20th Apr.

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HK/Hongkong/Singapore	(DC-4)	8.00 a.m. Friday

All the above subject to Alteration without notice.

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Arrives Apr. 3 from Japan. Sails Apr. 4 for Singapore, Penang, Madras, Colombo, Bombay, Karachi, Rangoon, Bhamo, Mandalay & Bhamo.

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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Try to Solve the Mystery

By HAROLD GLUCK

THE CHALLENGE: Are you wide awake? Can people fool you? If someone told you a story with an error in it could you spot what was wrong? Paul Husted is your age and he is in the same class as you are in school. You are going to match wits with him. He listened to a story and knew just what was wrong with it. See if you can do the same.

PAUL HUSTED started to twist the tennis racket in his hand. Then he walked over to the window and looked at the clouds above. For the past ten minutes there had been a light drizzle in Centerville. Then he turned to his friend, Arthur Zorn, reporter on the town's one and only leading newspaper.

"Of all the days in the week to rain. Why did it have to happen on this day? Six other days in the week for the clouds to weep. And they pick the wrong day." Arthur Zorn couldn't help smiling as he heard his young friend complain.

"The world hasn't come to an end. And though it is only drizzling in Centerville, the sun may be shining in Hampton."

"That could be," added Mrs. Husted who knew how her son felt. Juan Segorine, the famous tennis star, had promised to give Paul a tennis lesson at the Hampton Beach Club.

"You might as well start out now," suggested Mrs. Husted. "But drive slowly. On days like this accidents happen. And if it is still raining, I am certain Mr. Segorine will give you a lesson on another day. He is going to be at the Beach Club for three weeks."

Paul Husted and Arthur Zorn left the house and then entered the car outside. They

drove to the corner, turned left on Main Street and went straight for half a mile. It still was drizzling. Then they turned right on Maple Street. Suddenly the car ahead came to a dead stop. Just in time Arthur Zorn applied the brakes to avoid a collision. There was a man on the ground near the first car. A woman got out of the car. At the same time, two men got out of a car that was parked on the side of the street. "We saw it all," said one of the men. "You ran right into this man, John, go to the corner and call the police. A woman like this ought to be arrested. 'Shouldn't you also call an ambulance,' suggested Paul who noticed that the man was moving slightly on the ground. "He may be badly hurt," said the man. "I will take him into my car and take him to a doctor."

The woman driver was in tears and she turned to Arthur Zorn as if pleading for help.

"I never touched that man. He ran near my car and deliberately fell down. This looks like a crowd to me."

A crowd collected and soon a crowd car arrived. Sergeant Chisholm turned to the two men who claimed they had seen everything. "Just what did you see happen?"

"The traffic light was red against the woman. The man had crossed the street and the light was green in his favour. The woman hit him with the car. It was her fault."

The officer took down the statement and then spoke to the other man.

"How does it happen you two found her just when the accident took place? Were you parked on the side where your car is for some time?"

"No, officer," replied the driver of that car. "We had just stopped there about one minute before the accident happened. I asked my friend if he were thirsty. There is an ice cream place on this side of the street. My friend told me to go ahead. And just then the accident took place. I parked at the dry spot under-

neath it, and at the two men again. Then he spoke softly to Arthur Zorn who in turn called the officer aside. The officer spoke again. "I am going to take you two men to headquarters. I have a feeling that there wasn't any accident. This boy spotted an error in your story." "Complete! What was the error in the story?"

COLLECT HAND PRINTS



MOUNT CUT-OUT OF YOUR FRIENDS' HANDS AND ASSEMBLE IN BOOK FORM

LOOK at your hand and study the lines on it. Then look at a friend's right hand. Study the lines on that hand. You will notice the lines are different. Also each hand is different. One has longer fingers. Another may have shorter fingernails.

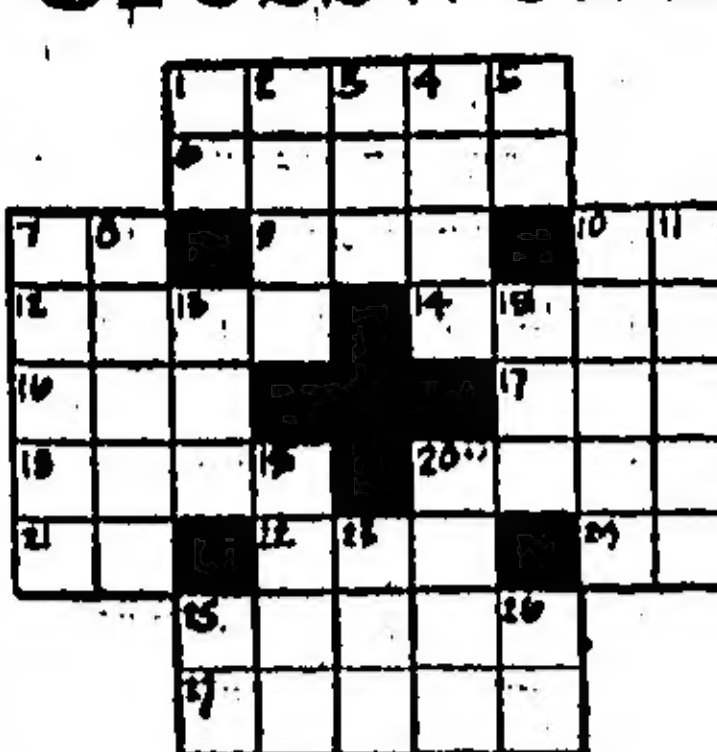
How about collecting hand pictures? Start with your hand as the first in your collection. You will need sheets of black and white paper. Place your right hand on the white paper and trace around the edges of your fingers and the palm of your hand. Use a pencil for this.

Cut out the outline and paste on a sheet of black paper. Look at the lines on your left hand. Then draw all the lines you see. The result will be the appearance of your left hand with the palm up.

Ask each of your friends to let you make a cut-out of their hands and keep them in a scrapbook or hang them up in your room.

Show your friends your collection of hands the next time you get together or have a party. See if they can identify their own hands. And see if they can tell the hands of their friends by looking at the cut-outs.

Crossword



ACROSS

- 1 Idolise
- 2 More painful
- 3 Postscript (ab.)
- 4 Born
- 5 Exclamation of satisfaction
- 6 Individuals
- 7 Eat
- 8 Tree build
- 9 Narrow inlet
- 10 Group of three singers
- 11 Direction
- 12 Compass point
- 13 Low haunt
- 14 Electrical term
- 15 Engine
- 16 Expunge

DOWN

- 1 While
- 2 Puts on
- 3 Mineral rock
- 4 Bamboo-like grass
- 5 Comparative suffix
- 6 Poles
- 7 Trap
- 8 Aromatic herb
- 9 Adds warmth
- 10 Roof finish
- 11 Masculine appellation
- 12 Small
- 13 Son of Seth (Bib.)
- 14 Greek letter
- 15 Pronoun
- 16 Musical note

(Solution: Page 20)

HANDY WORDS

IN this game you are to find 16 two-syllable words beginning with HAND. To get a word, change one letter in only one of the words listed after HAND, sometimes the A word, sometimes the B word. Leave the other letters in the same order as before. In No. 1 for example, DRAFT is changed to CRAFT to make HANDCRAFT. The changed letter may be anywhere in the word, beginning, middle or end.

- 1 Hand—a, draft, b. stem.
- 2 Hand—a, come, b. break.
- 3 Hand—a, down, b. string.
- 4 Hand—a, big, b. pack.
- 5 Hand—a, feel, b. mane.
- 6 Hand—a, boot, b. bread.
- 7 Hand—a, sand, b. wore.
- 8 Hand—a, cat, b. sand.
- 9 Hand—a, ten, b. fill.
- 10 Hand—a, pint, b. shade.
- 11 Hand—a, puff, b. fine.
- 12 Hand—a, bowl, b. slow.
- 13 Hand—a, down, b. main.
- 14 Hand—a, less, b. raw.
- 15 Hand—a, rain, b. fine.
- 16 Hand—a, class, b. send.

(Answers: Page 20)

What Are People Made Of?

—Lots of Things, but Cheese Is All the Same—

By MAX TRELL

AFTER a good deal of work, Knarf and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, managed to put the Snow Man together again. It was made up of thousands—no, millions—of snowflakes.

"What a funny thing," said Knarf to Hanid, "is that none of the snowflakes, not a single one of them, look at all like a snow man. Yet when they're all put together, they do look like him. How does that happen?"

Hanid said she didn't know either.



The Snow Man is made of all the same thing—snowflakes.

the thing that was finally made of them. "Of course," the Snow Man said, "I'm snow all the way through. Each one of the snowflakes and billions of them around it. So that I'm just one lump of snow."

Knarf said: "Are we the same all way through, too?" "Oh, no," said Hanid to her brother. "We're made of lots of different things—skin and bones and hair and blood and muscles."

"Just like the house," laughed the Snow Man, "or a pair of shoes."

"I think it's wonderful," said Hanid. "What do you mean?" asked Knarf.

"A Wonderful Plan," Hanid said, "that though we're made up of all these things, still all these different things become you and me and mother and father and all our friends and everybody. It's wonderful, too, that leather and nails and stitches and laces should become shoes, and that bricks and boards and plaster should become a house."

"Yes, it's a wonderful world," said the Snow Man. "A week ago I wasn't here. Yesterday I was millions of snowflakes lying on the ground. Today I'm a Snow Man with a head and a body and corn-cob pipe and buttons and a cane. And when the weather turns warm, I'll become something else."

"What will you become?" asked Knarf. "A puddle of water," said the Snow Man.

But Knarf and Hanid hoped that the Snow Man would be with them for a long time because he turned into a puddle of water.

A Bit of Cheese

Here, Hanid interrupted to say that—"If you take a tiny bit of cheese, for instance, is that like the rest of the cheese? Is it?"

This puzzled Knarf and the Snow Man for a moment. Finally Knarf said: "Now this really is funny. A bit of cheese is just like the rest of the cheese. It isn't like the house that's made up of different things, nor like the shoe that's made up of different things."

"That's right," nodded the Snow Man. "One piece of cheese is like every other piece of cheese. There's just more of it."

It was now decided that certain things like cheese and bread and a rock and a cat were the same all the way through, no matter how small or how large they happened to be. But things like shoes and houses and motor cars and clocks were made up of many different little things, none of which looked very much like

ZOO'S WHO

OTTERS, WHEN TAKEN YOUNG CAN BE TRAINED TO CATCH FISH FOR THEIR OWNERS. IN INDIA SEVERAL TRIBES USE THEM FOR THIS PURPOSE.



FOX CUBS ARE BORN FROM MARCH 25 UNTIL THREE WEEKS LATER, THE TIME WHEN YOUNG RABBITS THEIR BEST FOOD ARE MOST NUMEROUS

Rupert and the Compass—34

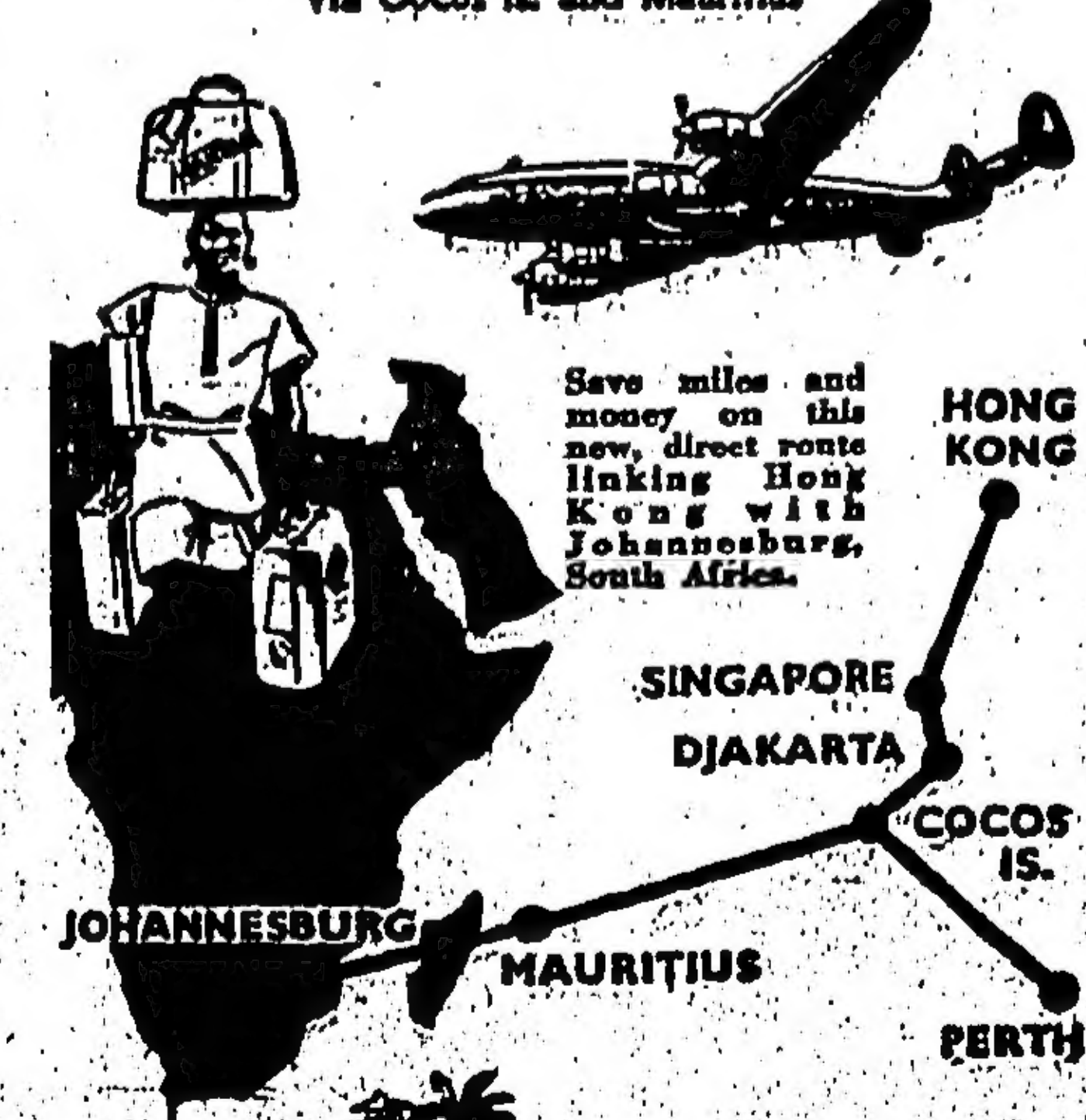


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